The Historie of Sir Bevis of South-Hampton.

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The Historie of Bevis of HAMPTON.

LIsten Lordings, and holde you still,
Of doughtie men tell you I will;
That haue bene in manie a stoure,
And helde vp England in great honour,
That before this tyme hath bene,
By a Knight it is that I meane:
Sir Bevis of Hampton that Knight hight,
That never was proved coward in fight:
And by his father that height Sir Guy,
A valiant Knight, and full hardy.
And how Sir Guy betrayed was,
Through his wyfe it came to passe.
That time was Guy of great renowne,
Earle hee was of South-Hampton.
In Christendome farre and neare,
For doughtinesse was not his peere.
None was so hardie nor so strong,
Hee loved right, and hated wrong.
In everie Land hee rode and paste,
For to win him praise and meede,
In France, in Flanders, and Almaine,
In Brabant, Cicilie, and in Britaine,
In Denmarke, Gallice, and in Gascoigne,
In Hungarie, Galabre, and Burgon,
In Pole, in Normandie, and Maine,
In Turkie, Mambrant, and in Spaine:

In Eastland, Norway, and in Picardie,
In Scotland, Wales, and in Lumbardie,
In Christendome, and in heathens,
Well is knowne Sir Guyes worthinesse,
In all the Lands of Christentie,
Was none found better than hee,
While hee was young and joylife,
Sir Guy would wed no wife,
But when that hee was olde,
And waxed feeble, crooked, and colde,
Then tooke hee leaue of Chevalrie,
And dwelt in England certainlie.
In that time Sir Edgar anone,
Sent vnto Sir Guy full sone,
For Sir Guy was true and wise,
And knowne for a Knight of a great prise,
Hee made him high Stewart of his land,
And what hee said it did stand,
Hee kept well England in his dayes,
And made peace and stabled lawes,
So that no man was so hardie,
To doe another villanie.
Upon a day bethought Sir Guy,
That hee would wed some faire Lady,
To haue betweene them a Child faire,
That of his land might bee his heire.
The King of Scotland in that tide,
Had a Daughter of much pride,
The Emperours brother of Almaine,
Loued that Ladie, as men saine.

And so did Guy, hee would her haue,
And of her Father hee did her crane,
The King of Scotland shortlie,
Gaue his Daughter vnto Sir Guy,
Against the will of his daughter bright,
Shee had leuer had the other Knight,
For hee was young and bolde,
But Sir Guy was now waxed olde,
Alace, that euer hee her chose,
His owne life thereby to lose,
Sir Guy wedded that Ladie free,
And brought her home to his countrie,
So long to bed hee her led,
That a man Child together they had.
Bevis they called that Child bolde,
Hee was no more than seaven years olde,
When that his Father hee was slaine,
By ſir Murdure of Almeine.
The Ladie bethought her on a day,
Vnto her selfe thus did shee say,
My Lord is olde, and may not worch,
All the day hee bydes in the Church,
What for brutting, and what for age,
Hee loued not with mee to rage,
Bot had I taken a young Knight,
That had not beene bruised in fight,
Hee would loue mee both day and night,
And make mee all the mirth hee might,
Truelie it shall bee thus no while,
I shall let slay him by some guile.

After a Messenger the Ladie did sende,
That before had bene her friend.
Shee sayde, Thou shalt on my message,
Thy selfe alone, without ante Page,
And if thou kepe thy counsell,
I will quyte well thy travell.
Madame, hee saide, holde you still,
For I will doe after your will.
The Ladie was then glad and faine.
Goe thou, thee saide, to Almaine,
And greete well from mee Sir Murdure,
Brother to the Emperour:
And bid him in the first day,
Of the merrie Monthy of May,
That heere in this Forrest bee bee,
Well armed with his menzie.
Bid him that it bee not spared,
But that my Lord bee there beheaded,
And sende it mee for a present,
My Lord shall naked to him bee sent.
If bee mee loue, that shall I see,
Goe forth and greete him thus from mee.
The Messenger to water yeede:
Alace, the winde was all for speede.
Into Almanie hee was brought,
To Court hee went, for hee forgot it nought,
And asked some of one and other,
Till hee came to the Emperours Brother:
To him hee tolde his message tho,
In private betweene them two.

Now

Now truelie may I well see,
How that the Ladie loved mee:
Gladder I am though I it say,
Than anie tongue tell may:
All her will I meane to doe.
Greete her well, and say to her so.
Haue heere a steede for thy travaile,
With treasure charged for thine availe,
And if it stand in maine and might,
I my selfe shall make thee a Knight.
The Messenger thanked him then,
And to England hee's gone againe:
To Hampton hee came all in feare,
Of his enemies that were there.
And saide, My Ladie, God thee see,
Well Sir Murdure greeteth thee:
Glad hee is of thy message,
Well hee hath quit my voyage:
And certainly hee will bee prest,
With a great hoast in your Forrest,
Thy Lord to assaile with maine and might,
Thy loue to win, Ladie bright.
When the Messenger had all said,
The Ladie heide her well apaide.
In the first day of May,
The Ladie feigned her sicke, and lay:
Shee made a man her Lord to call,
And saide, An evill did her befall.
The Earle for her had sorrow and thought,
And asked her, if shee would ought.

Sir, shé said, might I it get,
Of a wilde Boze I faine would eate,
Dame, hé said, and loue mine,
Where should I finde the wilde swine,
That might once glad thée?
Sir in the Foxest liueth hee.
Dame, hé said, make good solace,
Foz in the Foxest I will goe chase.
And shé said with treason then,
Blessed bé thou of all men.
The Earle a Courser can bestride,
His swozd hé hanged by his side,
There might no man with him rin,
Hé was the foxmost man therein.
Alace, that hee had béene aware,
Of his enemies that were there.
But when hé came to the Foxest,
And was in chase after the Heast,
Him thought hee heard sir Murdure,
Cry aloud, Sir Guy, thou traytoure.
And pzicked him out befoze the Poste,
With pzomping pzide and great boast,
And to sir Guy thus did hé say,
Yeelde thee, traytour, foz by my fay,
Thou and thy sonne both dead shall bee,
Foz the loue of thy Ladie free,
Foz I her loued ere thou her knew,
Yet thou hast and shall it rew.
Sir Guy answered with reason,
And said, Alace, heere is treason,

Yet

Yet will I, so GOD mee mend,
Yeere in my right my life defend,
Either then did other defy,
Then spurred his horse good sir Guy,
And smote sir Murdure with a speare,
Out of his saddle hee did him beare,
Traytour, hee said, yea, and coward bolde,
Weenest thou though I bee olde,
That I should of thee bee harmed?
With that sir Guy his sword out wrested,
And would have slaine that false knight,
Had not succour come full right.
Sir Murdures men hyed them so,
Against sir Guy they came full tho,
Boldlie sir Guy defend him can,
An hundreth hee slew with his hands than,
Had hee beene well armed iwis,
All the masterie had beene his,
By then sir Murdure was horsed againe,
Sir Guyes horse they had slaine,
When his horse was slaine in that stound,
Sir Guy was felled to the ground,
For had his horse lived that tide,
Hee had neere abated all their pride,
When sir Guy was on feete without lesse,
All they gan about him presse.
You never heard of an olde man ere,
That fought so long as hee did there.
But then kneeled Guy to sir Murdure,
And said, Mercie and succour.

Now Murdure for thy gentrie,
Thus cowardlie let mee not heere die,
But let lend mee Horse, Armour, and shield,
And let mee die heere in the field:
And if with mee thou wilt doe so,
I thee forgive if thou mee slos.
Then cryed they all in this wise,
Slay him that hee never rise.
With that Sir *Murdure* to him yeede,
And full sone smote of his head.
To a Knight hee gaue his head,
Goe, hee saide, now hee is dead,
To the Countesse that is so bright:
And say, I will come to her this night.
The Knight vnto the Ladie went,
And said, Madame, heere is a present,
My Lord sent thee it Sir Murdure,
This night hee will come to thy Boure.
This gift, shee said, is life to mee,
And thanke Sir Murdure of his gentrie:
And say, I am all at his will,
Early, and late, loude, and still.
The Messenger went his way,
And tolde his Lord what shee did say.

How *Bevis* kept sheepe vpon the Downes, and how hee left the sheepe, and went to his Fathers house, and how hee slew the Porter: with other things that hee did there.

Now

Now will wee of young Bevis tell,
How hee liv'd, and what him befell:
Alace, hee saide, all for teene,
That I had with my Father beene,
To have helpt him in that stoure,
Against that false theefe Murdure.
To his Mother hee ran, and said,
Why hast thou my Father betraid?
I will bee avenged by thy bane.
Alace, that ever thou wert woman,
And all whores for thy sake,
To the Devill of hell I them betake,
But an oath mother I dos sweare,
If ever I may armes beare,
I will bee avenged with might and maine,
On him that hath my Father slaine.
His Mother his words understood,
And gave him a buffet on the hood,
To ground hee fell, that was harme,
His Uncle toke him up by the arme.
Men called his Uncle Sir Sabere,
The Childe was to him full deare:
For Sabere was Sir Guyes Brother,
In England was not such another.
Home with the Childe Sabere went,
The Ladie sone after him sent:
Sabere, shee said, for well or woe,
My sonne Bevis see that thou sloe.
For I shall never glad bee,
That day that I dos him see.

Sir

Sir Sabere was not well apaide,
Yet granted as the Ladie said,
Home hee went with friends few,
And within a while a Pig hee slew,
Bevis cloathes that were so good,
Hee sprinkled with the Pigs blood,
Sir Sabere then all for dread,
Cloathed the Child with a poore weed,
And said, Bevis thou must keepe,
Upon t e Downes my flocke of sheepe,
Till the spousage bee brought to end,
Then will wee to the Wales wend,
There is an Earle kin to thee,
Thou shalt there dwell and with him bee,
When thou art big, and armes can beare,
And hast strength harnelle to weare,
Then maist thou claime thine heritage,
And avenge thy Father beeing of age,
Then I will helpe thee for to fight,
With dint of sword to win thy right,
Therefore my sheepe see thou forth drive,
Let no man know thou art alive.
Forth went Bevis with Saberes sheepe
Unto the fielde and sore gan weepe,
When Bevis was set upon the Downe,
Hee looked up to South-Hampton,
And as hee looked towards the tower,
Trumpets hee heard and Tabour,
Harping there was and much blisse,
Into that place that should beene his.

Lord

LORD, he said, that of me art governour,
Was I not an Earles sonne of honour,
I will no longer bide on this Downe,
Home I will to South-Hampton,
And will see now presently,
What Murdure doeth with his Ladie,
Hee ran fast on his gate,
Till hee came to the Castle gate,
Porter, hee said take none ill,
For into Hall on Message I will.
Fye Rebauld said the Porter tho,
Whorson, harlot, see thou hence goe,
There is no man, but hee were mad,
On message would send such a Lad.
Whorson, said Bevis, if I bee one,
Yet Warlocke was I never none,
Thou shalt never a stranger despise,
Have this now for thy service,
Such a stroake hee him gaffe,
That his braines clave to the staffe.
Bevis into the Hall went,
With ragged cloathes and sleeves rent,
All about hee gan behold,
And to sir Murdure spake words bold,
False theefe what doest thou heere?
Why hast thou slaine my Father deare?
My Mother it is that thou hast tane,
Wend forth in the Devils name,
But if thou dwell against my liene,
I trust in GOD I shall thee grieve.

Then

Then said Sir Murdure, Hold thee still,
Thou canst no good, but much ill.
Bevis hit Sir Murdure at that word,
That hee sounded at the bord,
Another stroke hee stroke sadly,
With that the Ladie began to cry.
Then Bevis would no longer abide,
For Knights rose on everie side:
For young Bevis woe there was,
They toke him not, but let him passe.
Bevis went home I you hete,
Hee met his Master amidst the streete.
What now Bevis, said Sabere?
For Gods sake what dosst thou heere?
Beaten I have my step-father,
And slaine I have his Porter.
Then said Sabere, Thou art to blame,
There I get both harme and shame.
But betide what may betide,
Once againe I will thee hide:
Sabere him to Chamber led,
Of the Countesse hee was a dread.
The Countesse would never blin,
Till shee came to Sir Saberes inne.
Sabere, shee said where is become,
That uncouth lad, that strong fellon?
Dame, hee saide, hee is dead,
At your counsell, and at your reede.
Loe, his cloathes are all blood.
Thou liest, said shee, as thou wert wood.

But thou that lad take,
Thou shalt suffer for his sake.
Bevis heard that shee him threat,
To her hee leapt with heart great:
And said to her, Dame,
Doe my Master for mee no shame.
The Ladie said, Thou art bold,
Now to mee thy life is sold.
Sabere and another Knight,
Shee called to her anone right.
Him to them betoke shee,
And bade them cast him into the Sea,
And cast the Boy amidst the streame:
Sir Sabere though you bee his Eme,
But thou drowne this Glutton,
Thou shalt abide for that treason.
Gladlie, my Ladie, Certes, said hee,
The Childe hee led unto the Sea:
They would not drowne him for ought,
But another thing they bethought.

How *Bevis* was solde vnto the *Paynims*, and carried over the Sea, into *Armenie*, and presented vnto King *Ermine*.

They found ships both more and lesse,
Of Paynims, and of Heathenesse:
They sold the Child so much thought,
And to the Paynims, Bevis they sought.
Bevis heart-sorrow colde,
When to Paynims hee was solde.

But yet him list not to rage,
Over they made good voyage,
Their saile they drew, their wind was good,
They sailed forth as they were wood,
Till they came to the River nie,
That leads to the land of Armenie,
The King Ermine of that land,
His wife was dead I understand,
Hee had a daughter faire and bright,
Iosian that faire maiden hight,
Her visage was white as Lillie flowre,
Therein ran the red colloure,
With bright browes and eyes sheene,
Her haire as Gold-wire was seene,
With comlie nose and lips full sweete,
With louelie mouth and fine feete.
With teeth white and even set,
Her hands were white as violet,
With straight bodie without lacke,
Well shapen both bellie and backe,
With small hands and fingers long,
Nothing of her was shapen wrong,
Wherefore should I her describe,
There was never none fairer on line,
The Merchants are to court gone,
And presented the King with Bevis anone,
Therefore the King was faine and blythe,
And thanked ỳ Merchants an hundreth sithe,
By Mahound said the King I were gay,
If this Childe would forsake his fay.

For

For by Mahound that sitteth on hie,
Yet saw I never a Childe with eye,
That bare so much fairenesse,
Neither in length nor in broadnesse,
Childe, hee said, thy name tell mee,
Where thou wast borne, & in what Countrie.
Sir, hee said Bevis is my name,
Where I was borne I thinke no shame.
In England my mother bare mee,
At South-Hampton upon the Sea,
My Father thereof was Earle a while,
My Mother let slay him by guile,
And hath mee solde to the Panims,
A wickeder woman may none bee iwis.
And I may live certainly,
I shall revenge my Father sir Guy.
The King of Armonie said, full well,
Of Guy of Hrmpton I heard tell,
Manie a Panime and Sarasin,
Hath hee slaine with much paine.
Bevis, said hee, I have none heire,
But a Daughter that is faire,
And thou wilt thy LORD forsake,
And to Appolline our god thee betake,
I shall give her to bee thy wife,
And all my land after my life.
Sir, hee said, that will I nought,
For all things that ever was wrought,
Neither for any gift may bee,
Nor for thy Daughter that is so free.

I should doe to my selfe dishonour,
If I should forsake my Creator.
The King did him no fiance,
For hee was stedfast in his credance,
The King said, Bevis, while thou art swaine,
Thou shalt bee my Chamberlaine,
When thou art dubbed a Knight,
Thou shalt beare my Banner in fight.
Bevis answered milde and still,
What yee bid mee doe that I will.
Bevis was loved of Squyer and Knight,
For hee was courteous both day and night.
Josian gan Bevis for to loue,
Over all thinges that was aboue,
When Bevis was fifteene years old,
Knight nor Squyer was none so bold,
That against Bevis durst ride,
Nor with no weapons him abide.
The first deede withoutten lesse,
That Bevis did in heathennesse,
It befell vpon Christmas day,
How it was I will you say:
Bevis rode to fielde, him to solace,
And fiftie Sarasins met him, alace.
A Sarasin gan to Bevis say,
Bevis, tell mee what height this day?
Bevis answered him iwis,
I wot not what day it is,
For I was but seaven yeares old,
When to the Sarasins I was sold,

There

Therefore, fellow, blame not mee,
For I wot not what day it bee.
The Saralins said, and leugh,
Mee can tell thee wel anough,
This day is Christmas day,
That thy GOD was borne men say,
This day thou should thy GOD honour,
With some nobles as wee doe our.
Bevis unto a Saralin said,
Of Christendome doest thou mee braid,
I would I were as well armed in this,
As sir Guy my Father was,
For his loue that ware ỳ Crowne of Thorne,
And on this holie day was borne,
I would fight with all the rout,
Then should men see without doubt,
Whether hee were stronger in Heaven,
Or all the Mahounds you can name.
Hearken fellowes, said a Saralin,
How hee despiseth Appoline,
Yet wreaketh this Christian hound,
That hee can bring vs to the ground,
Wee will no longer respite show,
Who so doth best shall bee seene now.
Turne thee Bevis, wee thee defye,
There is nought else but doe or dye,
All at once on they swong,
And gaue him wounds wide and long.
Bevis had no weapon great nor small,
For to defend himselfe withall.

There was no bote for him to pray,
But let him doe the best he may,
Bevis was light and quicke,
And to a Sarasin hee gan leape,
And with his Fist he stroake so fast,
That his cheeke bone he all to brost,
The Sarasins sword he toke in hand,
And felled all that before him would stand,
There men might see much woe,
When Bevis hands began to goe,
To some he gaue such wounds,
That they lay grinnand like hounds,
The Sarasins were light and fir,
And assailed Bevis with great envie,
About Bevis the Sarasins did leape,
As they had beene a flocke of shepe,
Of some hee gan the wombs downe teare,
That the guts trapled heere and there,
There was no Sarasin that hee bit,
But his bodie in sunder hee split,
There might none flee by any side,
But Bevis made them to abide,
And Bevis within a little stound,
The sirtie Sarasins brought to ground,
Great game had Bevis to see then,
The hurt Sarasins to lye and grin,
Heere is seene, said Bevis in this stound,
That GOD is stronger than Mahound,
The Sarasins steeds homeward ran,
Without the tasting of any man.

And

And Bevis home-ward did ride,
With bloodie wounds on each side,
Hee stabled vp his horse tho,
And to his Chamber can hee goe,
To the fresh earth hee laid him flat,
For to stanche his wounds with that.
Tidings came to King Ermine,
That in despite of his good Appoline,
How Bevis had slaine his men lytle,
And to the King done shame and villanie.
The King swore never to eate bread,
If it were so, till hee were dead.
When Iosian heard, shee was full woe,
And to her Father did shee goe.
And said, you ought not to giue iudgement,
Till both parties bee present,
Bevis is so milde of mood,
I wot hee did no man but good.
By Mahound, and by Termagant,
But if hee were defendant.
Then, said the King, bring both to mee:
As Iosian saith, so shall it bee,
When wee haue heard both parties,
Then will wee doe iustice.
Iosian called foorth two Knights,
Goe your way, shee said, foorth rights,
To Bevis that is so free,
And bid him come and speake with mee.
To the Chamber they went, as shee them bade,
Either the other by the hand led.

And when they came to the Chamber doze,
The one Knight went in before,
And said, Bevis, is it thy will,
To come speake with Iosian thy fill?
Bevis lokt vp with grim visage,
Fie bee said, on your message,
I will not stirre off this ground,
To speake with any heathen hound,
Unchristned hounds I reede you flee,
Or I your heart blod will see.
The Knights tyed fast away,
And vnto Iosian they did say,
Ladie, Bevis calleth thee hound,
Thrise within a little stound,
Wee would not oft goe to him,
For all the Citie, hee lookes so grim.
Yes, said Iosian, come with mee,
And certaine I shall your warrand bee,
With the Maid forth went they,
Unto the Chamber where Bevis lay.
Bevis loked vp anone,
And Iosian in her armes twaine,
Tooke Bevis, and kissed him sweete,
His sorrow, shee said, shee did weete.
Shee said, Bevis grieve no more,
Though thou art hurt wonder sore,
For there is not in Panims land,
Better salue I vnderstand,
Than I haue brought in this stound,
For to heale therewith thy wound.

Bevis rose vp at her bidding,
And went forth vnto the King.
On Bevis was there at that tide,
Thirtie wounds both long and wide,
King Ermine then the truth heard,
How Bevis and the Sarasins fard,
Hee had such ruth and pittie,
That the teares ran downe plentie.
Hee said, Faire daughter Iosian,
Heale Bevis wounds if yee can,
I would not as I vnderstand,
Loose his life for all my land.
Iosian did Bevis to chamber lead,
To stop the wounds they should not bleed,
With salues and drinkes she healed him soft,
And ever among shee kissed him oft,
So within a little stound,
Bevis was both whole and sound.

How Bevis in a morning rose, and went to the Forrest, and slew the wilde Bore.

A Wilde Boze was there about,
All men of him had great doubt;
And all the men that hee tooke,
With his teeth hee all too tooke,
The boze was great and wondrous long,
His head was great, and hee was strong,
Every mã was grieved both Knight & King,
For to come in his meeting.
LORD, said Bevis vpon a day,
Whether is it as men doe say,

Certes mine heart will ever bee sore,
Till I haue foughten with the Bore.
Bevis rose vp earelie vpon a day,
And sadled him a good Palfray,
Hee tooke a sword stiffe and strong,
A good Shield and speare long,
And forth hee pricked ouer the field,
Iosian saw, and well beheld,
When Bevis came into the wood,
His Shield hee toke that was so good,
His horse hee tyed to a thorne,
And began to blow his horne,
And about the Forrest hee sought,
But the Bore found hee nought,
Till hee came to the Devils den,
There found hee the bones of many men,
That in the wood the Bore slew,
The blod hee dranke, the flesh hee gnew.
Rise, hee said, thou foule beast,
Thou shalt not longer heere rest,
When the Bore of Bevis had an eye,
Hee set his bristles all on hie,
And stared with his spes all hollow,
As hee would sir Bevis swallow.
Of thee, said Bevis, I haue marveill,
Well I haue spent this travell,
A speare to him did Bevis beare,
In many pieces hee burst it there,
All to weake that Speare was wrought,
For in the Bore bote it nought.

His

His sword hee drew to him there,
But there might no dint him feare.
Bevis thought at each dint,
That hee had smitten upon a flint,
The Boze smote at Bevis so hard,
That hee was neare faint coward,
Without rest hard fought they,
Till it was hie none of the day.
LORD, said Bevis, helpe and mercie,
I am so weare mee thinke I die,
The Boze was feeble and faint also,
And from Bevis can hee goe.
Then, said Bevis, yet will not JESU,
That I should lose my vertue,
Betide, said Bevis, what may betide,
One of vs shall death abide.
Bevis smote the Boze with paine,
The Boze saw that, hee turnde againe,
As hee came gaping all to wonder,
The vpper jaw hee smote asunder,
In at the mouth the Boze hee bare,
And clave his heart asunder there,
And with his sword then in haste,
The Bozes head hee off cast,
And on a truncheon of his speare,
The head hee sticked thence to beare,
That saw the Fosters of the Forrest,
That Bevis had slaine that foule beast.
They said, wee haue great disdaine,
That hee hath the Boze slaine.

Woe wæ to him, wee will him slay,
And take the head from him away,
Then shall wee haue all the honour,
Right as wee were Conquerour.
As Bevis did from Forrest ride,
They him beset on everie side,
The twelue Forsters were armed each-one,
And Bevis was naked alone.
When Bevis would hand on his sword lay,
The scabord he had, his sword was away,
For where hee had left his sword thore,
There hee slew the wild Bore.
Then had hee nought to weare,
But the truncheon of his speare,
Two Forsters smote hee downe,
With the stroake of his truncheoun,
Nine Forsters hee slew at dints three,
And other three away gan flee.
Bevis went with the head away,
And saw Iosian where shee lay.
Such loue on him shee cast,
That never failed, but ever did last.
The head of that wilde swine,
Bevis presented to King Ermine,
Then that time rose Bevis prise,
That was both courteous and wise.
SOone after, not long during,
Came messenger to Ermine King,
From King Brademound of Damas,
That swore by Mahound and Golias,

That

That if King Ermine did not bleue,
Send Iosian to bee his wife,
In manie wayes bee would him nop,
And all his land rob and destroy.
And said, in the first day of May,
Hee would come and hold that day,
And take away his daughter then,
And all his land destroy and bren.
King Ermine bee was wod and wroth,
And sent for Earles and Barrons both,
And tolde them withoutten faile,
That King Bradmound bade him battell,
A word spake Iosian vpright,
By Mahound, if Bevis were a Knight,
Hee would succour you right well,
My selfe saw where bee did fell
Nine Forsters at dints three,
And other three away gan flee,
Yet had bee nought to weare,
But a truncheon of a Speare.
Thereof, said the King, shall bee no let,
But Bevis shall to vs bee set,
Then bee dubbed sir Bevis a Knight,
And made him harneste for to fight,
Full well they gan for him purvey,
With a great Hoast against that day.
Bevis, said the King, helpe at this neede,
For all my men thou shalt leade:
Arme thee right, and take thy Shield,
For King Bradmound bids in the field.

Bevis put on his Hactowne,
And had worthed manie a towne,
An Hauberke Iosian to him brought,
A better Hauberke was never wrought,
An Helmet thee gaue him good and faire,
There might nothing it impaire,
Then to him that faire Maide gaue,
Worglad a sword both fine and braue,
There was no better vnder the Sunne,
Many a land therewith was wonne.
Iosian also gaue him a Steede,
The best that ever on ground peede,
For well I can his name tell,
Men called this Steede Arundell,
None horse in world was so strong,
That might out-run him a furlong.
When Bevis in his saddle did light,
Iosian smiled that was so bright,
Bevis did his horne blow,
For that his boast might it know.
Bevis had with him I vnderstand,
Of bold Yeomen twentie thousand,
And yet King Bradmound their foe,
Had full twise as manie moe.
When Bevis came into the field,
King Bradmound stood and all beheld,
A loud laughter hee made then,
When hee saw there was no more men,
ther of the boaste gan other dests,
y shot Arrowes on either partie,

With

With their bowes and arrowes,
They slew fast on either parties,
And when they were thus fighting,
There was earnest and no gaming.
King Bradmounds banner bare Radison,
Hee was as strong as any Lion.
Bevis at him had great envy,
Either of them did other defye,
They smote their steedes with spurs of golde.
Arundell can right as hee would,
Both the parties stood and beheld,
How either hit other amidst their shield,
Radisons speare all to brast,
Bevis speare held, and hee set fast.
Then through the Shield and Hacton,
Hee bare the great King Radison,
The speare burst, and hee fell downe,
In his breast hee left his truncheon.
The King Bradmound was abashed,
For in Radeson hee ever trusted,
For hee thought hee was so maine,
That no man might stand him againe,
About sir Bevis they came readilie,
To avenge his death on the other partie,
And Bevis ceast not but thought it good,
To bathe Morglay in their blood,
Men might see in that stound,
An hundreth Sarasins brought to ground,
A little farther hee rode tho,
And slew twise as manie moe.

The Sarasins that with Bevis were,
Helped him with their power:
Men might see over all,
Heads tumbling like a Ball:
Many Sarasins might meete,
With guts trailing among their feete,
Some all handlesse gan flee,
And some all thankelesse about the knee,
And some their heades off hee sent,
And some noseleslie away went.
And some fled with so great wounds,
That they lay grinning like hounds,
And some steeds men might see than,
With dead Sarasins away ran.
And all the sicke and whole,
Had beene at sir Bevis dole,
Bradmound saw his men misfare,
Two of Bevis Knights hee tooke there,
And led them foorth and hee fled.
Bevis saw that they were bested,
Hee said, Abide, thou olde wretch,
Art thou come Iosian to fetch?
Yeelde thy prisoners unto mee,
I will deliver them from thee.
Such a stroake hee gave Bradmound,
That man and horse fell to the ground,
Percie, said Bradmound, I thee pray,
Let mee live, and ransome pay,
Both Cities, Castles, and Towers,
I shall thee give with great honours.

Nay, saide Bevis, I will none of thine,
But become the Kings man of Ermine,
And doe him homage and fealtie,
For other ransome none shall bee.
Well, said Bradmound, I had lever doe so,
Than heere die in paine and woe.
Bevis charged him in his lap,
That hee should never by night nor day,
Waite King Ermine any treason,
But bee ever readie at his summon,
And hold him of his land as chiefe,
Bee hee loth, or bee hee liefe.
Bevis was Ermines atturney,
To receiue homage that day.
When Bevis had done, hee let him gae.
Alace, why did hee not him slae?
For sone after as you may heare,
Hee served him in worst manner.
The Knights hee tooke from Bradmound,
Bevis led forth into that stound,
For great loue hee would not blin,
Them hee had vnto his Inne,
And gaue them of meat and drinke the best,
And in his bed did bid them rest.
And when sir Bevis had done so,
Unto the King then did hee goe,
And said. Sir King make good visage,
For King Bradmound hath done thee homage,
And holds thee for of chiefe field and towne,
And will bee ready at thy summon.

Then

The King Ermine was glad and blythe,
And thanked Bevis often sithe.
And said, Faire daughter Iosian,
I pray thee make much of this man.
Leade him to Chamber, Mahound him saue,
And that therein hee rest may haue,
And serue him both of meat, and drinke,
Of the best that you can thinke,
Then faire Iosian was right glad,
To her Chamber shee him led,
When Bevis was set soft on a bed,
The boards were laid, and tables spred,
And made him well at ease and fine.
With rich meat, and pleasant wine,
When shee had unarmed Bevis,
At a board shee set him twis,
When they had well eaten,
And on a bed together sitten,
Iosian that was so true,
Thought shee would her loue renew.
Shee said, Bevis, I vow certainlie,
Aboue all things I doe loue thee,
And if thou loue not mee againe,
I shalbe dead through woe and paine.
Then said Bevis, bee thou still,
Mee thinks thou speakest without skill,
Thou mayst haue all unlich,
King Bradmound that is so rich,
In this world there is no man,
Neither King, Duke, nor Souldian.

But

But would haue thee to their Queene,
And if they had thee once seene:
I am a Knight of a strange sand,
And haue no more then I in stand.
Mercie, Bevis, sayd Iosian,
I had rather haue thee for my Lemman,
Thy body in thy shirt naked,
Than all the goods Mahound maked.
Iosian sayd, Tell me thy thought,
Bevis sat still, and sayd right nought.
She fell downe, and wept sore,
Saying, Thou saydst heere before,
There is no King that me hath seene,
But would haue me for his Queene:
And thou thinkest of mee great spight,
Wend thee out of my Chamber right.
More comely it were thee lyke,
For to hedge, and make a dyke,
Than thus to be dubbed a Knight,
And to dwell among Ladies bright,
Goe Churle, and evill mayst thou fare,
Mahound giue thee sorrow and care.
Damsell, he sayd, I am no Churle,
My father was both Knight and Earle,
To my Countrey I will me hie,
Never after thou shalt me see.
Thou gavest me an Horse, take him here,
I will not keepe him to be in danger.
Bevis went forth, and would not blin,
Till he came into his Inne:

As grieved he was as he were blamed,
Because Iosian him so chamed.
The two knights that Bevis loved,
Asked him, who hath him so grieved.
Bevis sayd neither good nor ill,
But sate him downe, and held him still.
When Bevis went Iosian fro,
Then did begin all the woe.
Then she called the Chamberlaine Boniface,
And his helpe asked in that case.
To Bevis on message she did him send,
And sayd, she would all things amend.
All that I bid thee, say truely,
And pray him for to come to me.
Boniface his way is gone,
To Bevis Chamber he is come,
And sayd, that Iosian did him send,
Who sayd, she would all things amend,
And she should be after his will,
So that he would come her till.
Bevis sayd, Why should I doe so?
She bade me wend her Chamber fro.
A robe gave Bevis to the messenger,
With other gifts rich and cleere,
Well trimmed with great cost.
Have this, he sayd, for thy haste,
And greet well thy Lady from mee,
And say, I will never more her see.
Boniface thanked him then,
And so to Iosian went againe.

He sayd, Lady make good chære,
For Bevis will no more come heere.
Certes, Madame, you did unright,
For to miscall so noble a Knight:
For it was never Charles deed,
To give a messenger such a weed.
If Bevis will not come to mee,
I will not blinne till I him see.
Befall me therefore wel or woe,
Unto his Chamber will I goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne,
Till she came to Bevis Inne.
When Bevis heard her without,
As hee did sleepe, hee began to rout.
Bevis, she sayd, a while awake,
I am come peace to make.
Faire Damsell then, sayd hee,
Let me alone, and goe from mee,
I am wearie of fighting full sore,
So will I for your love no more.
Mercie, she sayd my Lemman sweet,
She fell downe, and began to weepe:
Forgive me that I have mis-sayd,
If yee will bee well apayd,
My false gods I will forsake,
And Christendome with thee will take.
On that covenant, sayd Bevis than,
I thee love, sweet Iosian.
He kissed her to accordement,
And therefore was Bevis shent.

The two Knights were there that found,
That Bevis toke from King Bradmound:
They heard all their covenant,
And went to the King in an instant,
And said, Bevis this same day,
Hath made Iosian forsake her lay,
And surely he will lye her by,
Except ye seek some remedie.
And if he be not sent away,
He will destroy all your lay:
It is true by all Hallowes,
Deliver a theefe from the Gallowes,
He shall thee waite to rob or slo,
So it fared by these Knights two.
Bevis delivered them from perill,
And they requited him full ill,
Alas, said Ermine the King,
Sore I am grieved at this tiding:
Sithen that Bevis came me till,
Much he hath done at my will.
I would not for all Armonie,
See any doe Bevis villanie.
But I would faine avenged bee,
So that the deed I might not see.
And then a Saracine to him said,
There may bee in parchment made,
A letter unto King Bradmound,
And will that bee he brought to ground.
As he is true liege-man to you sworne,
By Bevis the letter may be borne:

And

And, by Mahound, I dare say,
Bevis shall never goe quite away.
When this was brought vnto the end,
The King did after Bevis send,
And sayd, Thou shalt goe forth right,
And be true messenger, as thou art Knight,
And beare King Bradmound this letter,
And evermore thou shalt be better.
Some other sure else should beare it,
But it shall turne to thee great profit.
Sir, let me haue Arundel, and good Morglay
And I dare vndertake the way.
Bee Bradmound never so worth or wood,
I shall make my partie good:
Wherefore, sayd Ermine, thinkest thou so?
Thou shalt but on my message goe.
Take therefore an easie Hackney,
That may beare thee away easily.
It becommeth no messenger to lead,
On message, so heavie a Steed.
And, Bevis, thou shalt to me sweare,
That thou shalt truely my letters beare,
And as thou art true man liefe,
Nor vndoe the print of my briefe.
Nay, sayd Bevis, on Christen Rood,
He tooke his letter, and forth he rode
Upon an ambling Hackney.
Leaving at home Arundell and Morglay.
Jesu him comfort and reed,
With him he beareth his owne dead.

LEaue we now of Bevis heere,
And speake we of his Eame Sabere.
After that Bevis from him was sold,
His heart for him was wared cold;
He called to him his sonne Terry,
And bade him wend for to espie,
In Saracines land both farre and neare,
If he might ought of Bevis heare.
Palmers wæde thou shalt weare,
So mayst thou better of him heare.
He gaue him treasure for to spend,
When that is gone, God will more send.
Forth then gan childe Terry fare,
To Saracines land, till he came there,
In many a towns he him sought,
Yet of Bevis heard he nought,
Till it fell vpon a day,
As afterwards I shall you say.

How Bevis went on message to King Brad mound, and how he fought in the Citie o Damace, against the Saracines, that mad sacrifice to Idoles, and how hee tare then downe, and cast them into the durt, and a terward was taken, and cast into prison.

TVrne againe where we were before,
Of Bevis of Hampton to speake more:
Bevis rode forth, and passed fast,
Towards the Citie of Damace.

Hée rode dayes and nights both,
And rested not without dath.
He rode as fast as he might ride,
Two or three morrowes tide:
Then list he both to drinke and eate,
As a wearie man doth after heate.
To sleepe he had lust, the storie tels,
That might he get, but nothing else.
Bevis laid him downe to sleepe a stound,
And let his horse bait on the ground:
When he awoke out of his sleepe,
No longer he abode, but vp he leape.
He came to a Forrest faire and broad,
And thitherward as he rode,
He saw a Palmer sit him neare,
With bread and wine at his dinner.
Baken Curlewes he had thrée,
Though he seemed poore to bée.
The Palmer saw Bevis was a Knight,
He vailed his Bonnet, as was right,
And sayd, Courteous sir Knight,
Pleaseth it you here downe to light,
Much liking I haue to thee,
Therefore sir Knight, pray eate with mée.
Thou mapst wish me full even,
To a man that I can name.
Bevis said to him againe,
Hunger hath done me much paine.
Bevis ate and dranke plentie,
While he would, and thereat bée.

Then to speake Bevis began,
Palmer, he sayd, art thou a Christian?
Where wert thou borne, tell me,
And what thou doest in this Countrey?
Then, sayd the Palmer, you shal understand,
That I was borne in England,
At South-hampton vpon tye Sea,
And came into this Countrey,
To seek after a Lord full right,
Forsooth Bevis he was hight:
I shall him seeke, till I him finde,
Through I seeke to the worlds ende,
To bring him into England,
To helpe my father with his hand,
Against his step-father to fight,
To win his owne heritage and right.
What hight thy father, good Palmer?
Sir, men call him, Sir Sabere.
Sir, he hath ever been in strife,
With sir Guy of Hamptons life,
I left him in an Ile full good,
That is incloled with salt flood:
And every yeare a day certaine,
He fighteth with sir Murdure of Almaine,
For to win his heritage.
I have for him undertooke this voyage.
Tell me therefore if thou can,
Wish me right vnto that man.
Then sayd Bevis with milde cheare,
Bevis I have knowne this ten yeare,

It is not three dayes at all,
Sithen we were both in one Hall.
There is no man, by Gods ore,
In Christendome, that I loue more.
Wee were fellowes latelie,
He told me his Father hight sir Guy.
Sir, sayd the Palmer, that is hee,
For Gods loue let me him see.
Nay, sayd Bevis, it may not be so,
But on message must I goe.
But goe thou to England againe,
And helpe thy father with might and maine,
For when I haue my message done,
I shall speake with Bevis full sone,
And tell him what I vnderstand,
And make him hye into England:
Perchance with Bevis, who is my friend,
I also will in England wend.
Sir, sayd the Palmer, in his language,
To whom doe you ride on message?
To King Bradmound, sayd Bevis, I wend,
He is my foe, and not my friend,
Sir, sayd the Palmer, if thy will bee,
I pray thee let me thy letter see.
Nay, sayd Bevis, not for woe,
So mought I shame to my selfe doe.
It shall never vnsealed bee,
Till King Bradmound doe it see.
They tooke their leaue, and gan goe,
Either thanked other of them two.

The Palmer went to England-ward,
And Bevis did ride on forward,
Toward the Citie of Damace.
The which was a full pleasant place.
There was King Bradmounds Pallace:
Was never a richer, the storie sayes:
For both the windowes and the wall,
Were painted with gold, Tower and Pall,
Pillars and dores, were all of brasse,
Windowes of stone, were set with glasse.
It was so rich in many wise,
That it was like a Paradise.
About the place there was a Dike,
For bredth and depth, were few the like.
Over the Dike a Bridge there lay,
That man and beast might passe that way.
Under the Bridge were sixtie Bels,
Full so many, as the storie tels,
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gin.
At the Bridge end there was a Tower,
Painted with gold and colour:
Rich it was for to behold,
Thereon stood an Eagle of Gold:
His eyes were of precious stones,
Of great vertue, for the nones.
The stones were so rich and bright,
That all the place shone with light.
When Bevis was neare the Citie,
Of this place marvelled hee,

For ſithen Bevis borne was,
Saw he never ſuch a place:
When Bevis came the Citie within,
Great mirth and noyſe he ſaw begin.
The Saraſins then ſhould ſacrifice,
To their Mahumets in their wiſe.
And Bevis came neare to ſee,
Saying, What Devill of Hell doe yée?
Why make you Mahound this preſent,
And forſake God Omnipotent?
I ſhall wit before I goe,
What Mahound can ſay or doe.
Bevis leape upon Mahound,
And toke him right by the crowne:
And caſt him amids the myre.
And bade them take up their Syre.
The Saraſins that by Bevis ſtood,
For ire and téene they wared wood,
They ſwore all hee ſhould deare abye,
The deſpiſing of their Mahumetrie.
There was no more then to ſay,
But all at once on him they lay.
Bevis ſaw that, his ſword he drew,
And all that would abide, hee ſlew.
Then roſe the cry in the Citie,
And Saraſins gathered great plentie,
About Sir Bevis they gathered,
Becauſe Mahound hee deſpiſed.
Bevis then did make a ſtoure,
At each ſtroke he felled foure.

With the Sarasines he fought fast,
That two hundred on ground he cast:
Within a while men might meete
Heads tumbling in the streete.
To the Palace they ran hasting,
For to haue succour of the King,
And sayd, Sir, we are annoyed,
For the Citie is neere destroyed,
Through a Knight that hither is come,
All our gods he hath puld downe,
And troden them vnder his feete,
In the myres amids the street:
And all thy men he hath slaine,
That euer did fight him againe.
Sir King, but we haue helpe of thee,
Ye will destroy all the Citie.
King Bradmound sayd, By my god,
Be he a Diuell, or be he wood,
What he is, I will goe see,
Arme you soone, and come with mee.
Forth they went all the rout,
From the Kings Palace without doubt,
Right on the Bridge the storie sayes,
They met him going to the Palace.
When Bevis saw the King with Crowne,
Vpon his knees he kneeled downe,
And gaue him vp the Deed with his hand,
And sayd, Jesus I vnderstand,
Shaped all the world round,
Giue thee sorrow, King Bradmound.

But

But Mahound and Appoline,
And Termagant, which be gods thine:
Let them giue me now their blessing,
With short life, and euill ending:
Well thee greeteth King Ermine,
And sendeth thee a letter in Parchmine,
And biddeth thee his bidding doe,
As thou art sworne him vnto.
The King of Bevis received the Deed,
And gaue it to a Clarke to read.
The letter bad he should him sla,
And that he should not goe him fra:
For certaine, if he passe away,
He will destroy all our lay.
When King Brademound heard of this,
He made thereof great ioy and blisse.
He sayd, Bevis, welcome to court with shame,
We will teach thee a new game:
Thou art hee that made me thrall,
Not onely me, but my men all.
Thou slewest & broughtest my men to grouñd,
Twentie thousand within little stound,
And hast in despite Mahound,
Slaine my men in this stound.
But ever blessed may Mahound be,
That sent thee hither vnto me.
For I will be avenged soone,
For all the sorrow thou hast me done;
But blame not me, Bevis, verament,
But blame him that thee hither sent.

Some

Some ſayd, he ſhall be ſlaine,
And ſome, he ſhould be quickt ſlaine.
Some ſayd, Draw him through the Citie,
And ſome ſayd, Hang him on a tree:
Bevis he ſtod ſtill and heard,
Of all their treaſon how it farde.
And ſayd, Sir King, it is no read,
To judge me a dogs dead:
A Knight I am, as well as you,
Therefore take you no counſell now,
And grant me armour, and a Steed,
Sword and Speare, good at need,
Sure Helme, and ſtalworth Shield,
And bring me ſafe into the field,
And arme your men leſſe and more,
Sixtie thouſand if they wore,
And let me dye in battell right,
As is the manner of a Knight.
Then the Saraſins cryed all,
And to the King gan they call:
They ſayd, He will your men downe ſold,
If you grant him battell bold,
Grant him priſon through your read,
Let him be there till hee be dead.
For in your priſon be Dragons two,
And after wormes many moe:
And were he vnto your priſon brought,
Unto none liveth he nought.
Bring him thither, they all ſayd then,
And not in field among your men.

Then

Then spake King Bradmound,
Bring him downe vnto the ground:
For he shall dye with much sorrow,
All Christendome shall not him borrow.
About Bevis they gan drive,
As Bees doe about an hive.
When Bevis saw none other rest,
Then he began to doe his best:
With his sword hee stood at defence,
Against them all in his presence:
Sir Bevis fought that it was wonder,
Till his sword burst in sunder.
Alas, sayd Bevis, and welaway,
Now I want good Morglay:
But nevertheless good sir Bevis,
Brought to the ground with his fists,
Sixtie Sarasins to the ground sone,
After that his sword was done.
But ever they gathered moe and moe,
And tooke Bevis with much woe,
And bound together his hands fast,
That all his fingers on blood out-brast.
They led him straight into the Hall,
And set him downe in a Knights stall.
A Knight him fed with meat and drinke,
Whatsoever hee would after thinke.
The King bad Bevis eate fast,
For this, he sayd, shall bee thy last.
An hundred Sarasins stood then
About Bevis, with swords drawne.

In chance if his hands out brast,
Lest hee should make them all agast;
When Bevis had eaten, and made him glad,
Into the prison they did him lead.
When he was at the ground,
Bevis hands they bound:
For they were sure and fast,
That he should not make them agast.
In the prison when he came downe,
There he found a sharpe truncheowne;
In his hand the same he tooke,
And saved his life, so sayth the booke.
A water through the prison ran,
That carried the filth from the man.
He had not been there a while,
Not the mountenance of a mile,
But two Dragons of much might,
Against Sir Bevis came to fight.
Fast fought they, both he and they,
All the night, and all the day.
The two Dragons never stayd,
Till they had Bevis wearie made:
But by the other day at noone,
These two Dragons were fore done;
His staffe was broken all away,
But little in his hand did stay.
When these Dragons were dead,
Then could Bevis no better read,
But thanked Jesus that all shall win,
Of the care that he was in:

Seven

Seaven winters hee was thore,
Meate hee had some evermore.
But once a day without lesse,
Of wheat brane hee had but a messe,
For to length with all his life,
In povertie and in great strife,
Bread of wheats eate hee no more,
But of water hee had store,
Rats and Myce and such small cheare,
Was his meate that seaven yeare,
Thus is Bevis in prison ground,
God bring him forth whole and sound.

How Iosian demanded of her Father for Sir Bevis, and of the sorrow that shee made.

SPeake we now of Iosian that Maide,
Unto her Father how shee said.
Sir, Bevis, shee said, where is hee?
Full long mee thinketh till I him see.
Daughter, said he, I understand,
That hee is gone into England,
And liveth on his heritage,
Hee hath a wife of great parentage,
A Kings daughter wedded hath hee,
A Merchant twis told it mee.
Then was Iosian full woe,
And to her chamber gan shee goe,
And wept sore for sir Bevis,
And thought some treason heere is,
There is no man can tell the sorrow,
Shee made both even and morrow.

How King Iour married faire Ioſian.

DIf Mambrant the King called Iour,
A rich King of great treaſure,
Is come faire Ioſian to wed,
And of her father hée him ſped,
That granted her to be his wife,
And his land after his life.
When Ioſian heard, ſhé ſhould be a Quéene,
Againſt her will it was I weene.
Shé had lever withoutten leſſe,
To haue béene ſir Bevis Counteſſe,
Neverthelesſe ſith it is ſo,
Againſt her father ſhé durſt not doe,
Ever, ſhé ſaid, Sir Bevis,
The kynd knight of South-Hampton is,
Hée would never mée forſake,
But ſome treaſon did it make.
I ſhall never vntrue bée,
As thou art Bevis vnto mée,
I ſhall goe now and make a writ,
Through ſome Clerke wiſe of wit,
That no man ſhall haue grace,
While theſe letters be in place,
Againſt my will to lie me by,
Nor doe mee ſhame nor villanie.
Shee cauſed the letters to bee wrought,
On the manner as ſhee thought,
And put it about her necke,
So that no man ſhould her checke,
When it was to the time ſped,
That King Iour ſhould her wed.

Yee

Hee sent for manie noble men,
From the Souldan of Babylon then,
And for the Souldan of Persie,
It is no time their names to descrie,
And prayed them both with him to bee,
When hee should wed the Ladie free,
When the feast should begin,
Everie Knight came from his Inne:
When the feast was all done,
King Iour would needs bee gone,
With Iosian that Ladie bright,
That ever was true both day and night.
Iosian then was brought to him there,
With much thought and great care.
King Ermine toke Arundell also,
And sadled him with him to goe,
And tooke with him good Morglay,
And to King Iour gan hee say,
Haue heere I giue thee this steede,
Verie strong, and good at neede.
Haue heere Morglay of steele browne,
Both they were Bevis of Hampton.
King Iour thanked him then,
And pricked forth before his men:
They were not fullie at Mambrant,
But the King said, by Termagant:
That hee would into the Cities,
On Arundell before his Bride.
On Arundell when hee was brought,
Arundell had in his thought,

That it was not sir Bevis,
That on his backe did sit iwis,
Hee leaped over ditch and thorne,
Over brier and over corne,
Would hee never blin running,
Till hee had cast downe the King,
So sore to ground hee him cast,
That his backe-bone all to brast,
And had not some come succour,
Hee had slaine then King Iour,
They toke the horse with much slight,
And led him to the Pallace right,
With great rops they him bound,
There was no meate before him found,
Neither oates nor water cleare,
There hee stood full seaven yeare,
But that Iosian him brought,
And that wist the King nought,
For his men could not him read,
With sterving him to dead.

IOsian is now Queene,
Bevis in prison is with much teene,
Bevis therein was forlorne,
Hee cursed the time that hee was borne,
His haire hanged long and side,
Small and simple was his pride.
On a day Bevis would sleepe,
An adder great on him would creepe,
And stinged him sore without lie,
Upon his brow above his eye.

Bevis awoke, and loude gan cry,
And said, Jesus my Lord mercie,
This Adder hath bitten mee sore,
Out of my life I would I wore,
Helpe, Lord, and if it bee thy will,
And mee never in prison spill,
With that a light come is,
And appeared unto Bevis.
This light bee saw by this slight,
By which the worme lost her sight,
And before him all to brast.
Bevis saw it and reioyced fast,
Sir Bevis was feeble and faint,
To Jesus Christ made his complaint,
And unto his Mother Marie,
Ruthfullie began to cry.
Lord, hee said, of heaven King,
That shaped mee, and everie thing,
What offence haue I done to thee,
That hence thou wilt not helpe mee,
The Saracins doe mee much woe,
Haue mercie on mee Lord now,
And giue mee grace heauen to win,
And get out of this prison I am in,
The two keepers heard his complaint,
How feeble hee was and how faint.
The one said, hearest thou this fellowne,
How hee still despiseth Mahound,
Hee weeneth that his God can him saue,
And succour hee thinketh for to haue.

But by Mahonnd it shall not gaine,
I shall not rest till hee bee slaine.
And suddainlie at that word,
Hee let a lampe downe by a corde.
And said, come downe when I call,
To helpe what ever mee befall.
Then a sword hee toke by his side,
And by the rope downe did hee glide,
And smote Bevis in that stound,
That hee felled him to the ground.
Lord, said Bevis, why doest thou so?
Now is mine heart in full great woe:
Had I my good sword Morglay,
And Arundell my good Palfray,
For all Damace with their treason,
Would I not care one button:
And now the most wretch of all,
With one stroake doth make mee fall.
Now I wish I were hanged,
If I bee not well revenged.
Bevis with his fist smote so fast,
That his necke hee soone brast.
The other cryed that was above.
And said, Fellow to him in love,
Hast thou of mee any neede,
That I may come thee to reede?
Yea, said Bevis, all for guile,
Come hither a little while,
For I must needes have thy read,
Or that Bevis will be dead.

The other keeper no longer abode,
But downe the rope hee slode,
And saw Bevis whole and sound,
And his fellow dead on the ground,
Hee would haue fled vp that tide,
But Bevis said, thou must abide.
Bevis With his fellowes brand,
Smote asunder through Gods hand,
The rope aboue the Sarasins head,
That to prison to his fellow hee yeed,
Then was Bevis glad and faine,
His two keepers hee had slaine:
A day hee lay, and nought did eate,
Hee thought that life nothing sweete,
Yet was Bevis wont each day,
While that hee in prison lay,
Of wheat brane to haue a messe,
Therewith his hunger to redresse,
But when his keepers were foredone,
Bread nor brane hee had none,
That pennance was full strong,
Hee thought hee lived all too long:
Jesus Christ, Sir Bevis said,
Helpe mee now with a little bread,
The rope I may not reach,
But if thou mee show or teach:
Too hie hee smote the rope asunder,
If hee it reach it were great wonder,
But by Gods might,
Bevis skipped hee was full light.

And gat the rope in his hand,
And came vp I vnderstand,
When hee came vp hee saw no light,
For it was about mid-night,
But well he heard in the stable,
Grooms sing and made great bable,
Unto the stable doore hee went,
And smote it open at a dint,
A doore barre hee tooke in his hand,
And slew all that there hee fand,
A good steede foorth hee brought,
And sadled him well anough,
Bevis rode to the gate full even,
And called the porter with milde steven,
Rise vp porter, anone hee said,
Bevis of Hampton hath vs betraid.
Soone after the gates were vnlockt,
And with that Bevis out leapt:
The porter straight his way tooke,
Unto the prison for to looke,
He found the keepers slaine iwis,
But Bevis escaped is,
The porter said, by my snout,
Then came is Bevis that I let out,
The porter went to the King, and said,
How that Bevis had him betraide,
And had slaine his keepers both,
The King therefore was wondrous wroth,
There were five Kings in that Pallace,
That did him homage the storie sayeth.

To them Bradmound made his moane,
Then they armed them full soone,
A Knight there was prowde and fierce,
Men called him sir Granders.
An horse hee had of much price,
The which was called Truncheſice.
Hee was worth his weight of Gold,
Hee would run well vpon the mold.
Sir Granders was the first sight,
On Truncheſice vp hee light,
And rode after sir Bevis,
Well hee thought to win the prise.
When hee was passed Damas,
Hee saw Bevis ride apace.
Hee said, turne thee dogs whelpe,
Thy God shall thee nothing helpe,
Through thee I shall get renowne,
If thou bee Bevis of South-Hampton.
Then Bevis vnto him did say,
It is no maistrie mee to slay,
For if that heere I slaine bee,
It is through hunger and not through thee,
But nevertheleſſe wee will assay,
How well thou wilt thy duetie pay.
Bevis turned him full well and faire,
They rode together with great aire,
Such a stroake hee gaue Grandere,
That through helme and halbert cleare,
Heart and bodie hee cleane in sunder,
There helped none armour, that was wonder.

Right

Right to the saddle by head mine,
Hee claue him downe like a swine.
Bevis Truncheface soone bestrode,
Hee left his owne, and forth hee rode,
King Bradmound with all his hoast,
Came riding after with great boast,
And so fast followed they,
That Bevis was driuen to the Sea.
Hee said, if I fight with so manie againe,
Through hunger & feblenesse I shalbe slaine
Yet will I to the water flee swis,
And let God worke what his will is,
Than to bee slaine among them all,
Helpe mee, Lord, for now I call.
Bevis made his horse to skip,
Fourtie foote in the sea hee leapt.
The Sarasins saw that after came,
How the horse with him swam,
By the helpe of the Lord of might,
The horse bare over the noble knight,
When hee was the water past,
The horse him rest, and shooke him fast,
And for feblenesse in that stound,
Sir Bevis fell on the ground.
Lord, said Bevis, how hungrie am I,
If I were King of Armonie,
I would giue it without read,
For one shiuer of browne bread.
Forth rode Bevis with great aire,
Till hee came to a Castle faire.

A Ladie

A Ladie ouer the wall lay.
Dame, said Bevis, I thee pray,
For his loue that dyed on a tree,
Of meales meate giue to mee.
The Lady answered him tho,
From my gate I rede thee goe:
Another place is better than heere,
For heere thou gets a cold dinner,
For my lord is a gyant,
And believeth in Mahound and Termagant,
And if hee know thou bee a christian,
Hee will slay thee with much paine.
Alace, said Bevis, and swore an oath,
Whether hee bee lieue or loath,
Heere will I meate eate,
To die therefore but I it get,
The Ladie was abashed withall,
And went downe into the hall,
And tolde her lord that was so stout,
How a man had swore without,
That hee would eate there his fill,
In despite of his will.
Yea, said the gyant, will hee so,
A doore barre hee tooke in his hand tho,
And out vnto Bevis hee braid,
And thus vnto him hee said.
What art thou fellow, art thou wise?
Where stolest thou the Trunchefice,
That thou sittest vpon there,
Hee was my brothers sir Grandere.

God

God knoweth then, said Bevis,
I slow Sir Granders crowne twis,
When we met last in battaile,
I was his priest without en faile,
And if thou doe with me fight,
I may thee slay in my right.
Alace, said the gyant, for sir Grander,
His death thou shalt abide full deare,
At sir Bevis hee smote full sore,
But of him hee failed thore:
And hit Trunchefice in that stound,
That hee fell dead to the ground.
Bevis start up with great respite,
And at the gyant gan hee smite,
Such a stroake was not strucke with hand,
Since lived Oliver and Rouland.
The gyant saw that hee was strong,
Her drew out a dart sharpe and long,
Through Bevis shoulder hee did it shoote,
The blood ran downe to his foote.
When Bevis saw the blood,
For yre and teene hee waxed wood.
Hee smote the gyant then full till,
With all his might and all his will.
And such a stroake hee him lent,
That helme and head from bodie went,
Breast and bodie hee claue downe,
With a stroake of his fauchowne,
Now said Bevis, by Moone and Sonne,
I trow my meate I haue well wonne.

Dame

Dame, said Bevis, stay no more,
But give mee meate, I hunger sore,
And thus much take you of mee,
Of meate and drinke no niggard bee.
The Ladie durst not him withstand,
Shee led Bevis in by the hand,
And served him of bread and wine,
And afterwards of meates fine,
And of each messe twis,
Shee brought unto sir Bevis.
Hee mate her eate first truelie,
Lest shee should doe him villanie,
And drinke first of the wine,
Lest shee should put poyson therein,
when Bevis had eaten anough,
A white kercheife hee forth drough,
And stopt therewith the wound,
To stay the bleeding in that stound,
Then Bevis into the stable yeed,
And sadled him a goodlie steed:
There would hee no longer abide,
Hee tooke his way, and forth did ride,
Then sir Bevis forth rode,
Till hee came forth all abroad,
Unto a faire greene place.
Lord, said Bevis, blessed bee thy grace,
And now I would that Bradmound king
were heere with mee and all his spring,
On this greene men should see,
whether I would from him flee,

Forth

Foorth rode Bevis by the streame,
Till hee came to Hierusalem,
And to the Patriarch hee went full swift,
And of his sinnes hee him shrift,
Of Iosian to him hee told the strife,
By right should neere take any to wife,
The Patriarch for his great trueth,
Wept, and for him thought great rueth,
Yet kept with him sir Bevis,
Till hee was whole and sound iwis,
And forbade him on his life,
That he should neere take any to wife,
But thee were a maiden cleane,
Yea, said Bevis, so I meane.
When it came vnto the night,
Bevis toke his leaue like a gentle knight,
On the morrow when it was day,
Bevis rode foorth on his way:
As hee rode himselfe alone,
Hee bethought whether to bee gone,
Whether shall I to England fare.
Nay, what should I doe there?
Unlesse I might an boast gather,
For to slay my step-father.
I will, hee said, to Armonie,
To know the cause wherefore and why,
That the King did this treason,
For my service against all reason.
As Bevis rode foorth right,
Hee ouertooke another knight.

That

That would foorth to Armonie,
And Bevis bare him companie,
As they rode at the last,
Either beheld other fast,
And either then the other knew,
For sometime they were fellows true,
Together they kissed after that,
Hee asked Bevis of his estate.
God knoweth, said Bevis, and lough,
I have had sorrow enough,
And suffered both hunger and colde,
And other paines manifolde,
Through the treason of King Ermine,
And sure I would requite his paine,
Were not his daughter Iosian,
This day I would bee his bane.
Iosian, hee said, is a wife,
Against her will with much strife,
Seaven yeares it is by Termagant,
Sithen King Iour of Mambrant,
Iosian in Mambrant did wed,
Both to bourd and eke to bed,
Hee hath the sword good Morglay,
And Arundell the good Palfray,
Where is Mambrant, said Bevis, thore,
Sir, hee said, it is ponder before,
To Mambrant yee cannot reach to day,
But stay yee must by the way,
Next day hee rode foorth certaine,
Till hee came to Mambrant plaine.

Mambrant

MAmbrant is a rich Citie,
Faire and louelie for to see.
when sir Bevis of South-Hampton,
Came within that rich towne,
with a Palmer there hee met,
Full faire either gan other greete.
Palmer, hee said, where is the King?
Sir, hee said, forth in hunting,
with manie Knights stout and keene.
Palmer, hee said, where is the Queene?
Sir, hee said, in the tower,
Palmer, hee said, doe mee some favour,
And give mee thy weede,
For my cloathing and my steede.
Would God, said the Palmer,
That I had made that change Sir.
Bevis gave to him his steede,
So that hee might have his weede.
Bevis went to the Castle gate,
Many Palmers hee found thereat.
Bevis said, brethren deare,
For what cause abide you heere?
They answered him that there stood,
wee stand heere for some good.
Bevis said, who shall it doe,
The Queene, they said, wee hope so:
Good cheere shee doth heere make,
Once a day for Gods sake,
For all that shee hath found heere,
Everie day this seaven yeare.

This almes giveth thée by my crowne,
For Bevis loue of South-Hampton.
Then said Bevis, for Christs loze,
Tell mée now yée Palmers poze,
When this almes shall bée done.
Sir, they said, after noone.
Bevis said, it is but earelie day,
Yee went from them anone away,
Yee thought hee would goe spy and see,
How that it might best bee,
As hee came vnder a turret,
That vnder the Castle was set,
Yee heard Iosian weepe and crp,
And thus lament full heavily.
Alace, shee said, for good Bevis,
The gentle knight of South-Hampton is,
Alace, shall I never see that day,
That once with him speake I may?
Lord Jesus Christ that I talke till,
Helpe mee when it is thy will.
Everie day for seaven yeare,
Iosian that Ladie faire,
Was wont much sorrow to make,
For Bevis of Hamptons sake,
Anone shee start to the gate thoze,
To bring in the Palmers pooze.
Bevis hyed fast to the gate,
Least hee should haue come too late,
The Palmers preassed in fast,
Bevis abode, and was last.

To the hall they led them everie one,
But vnto Bevis said Iosian anone,
Thou art most welcome vnto mee,
For I desire to talke with thee,
Begin thou the boord Palmer,
And merrilie goe to thy dinner.
When the Palmers were all set,
Meate and drinke they did them fet.
Then she gan to Bevis say,
Tell mee Palmer without delay,
Hast thou heard any man tell,
In any land where it befell,
Or in field or in towne,
Of one Bevis of South-Hampton,
I shall make them rich without leesing,
That of him can tell any tiding.
Yes dame, said Bevis, and lough,
Sir Bevis I know well enough,
At home in his countrie,
I am an Earle, and so is hee,
And hee loveth mee ever all,
Either was other promigall,
At home hee gan mee much tell,
Of an horse that hight Arundell,
I asked in many a land,
For that horse I understand,
And sought both farre and neare,
And each man saith hee is heere,
As you loue that same Knight,
Of that horse let mee haue a sight.

The Queene then without fable,
Led Bevis into the stable.
The Queene gan Bevis behold,
And vnto Boniface shée tolde,
I true, said shée, by my crowne,
This is Bevis of Hampton.
But Bevis beard was never shorne,
Since of his mother hée was borne,
When Bevis into the stable came,
Anone to Arundell hée ran.
And said, Arundell God thée saue,
Without the towne I would thée haue,
With thée I nére came to Mambrand,
But with mée thou shouldst to England,
Arundell in sunder burst chaines seaven,
When hée heard sir Bevis steaven,
And forth hée ran out of his place,
And neighed and made great race,
Alace, said Iosian tho,
For Arundell I am full woe,
For hee will bée manie a mans bane,
Ere that hée agains bée tane.
Nay, said Bevis, and lough,
I can take him well enough,
If that pou will giue mee leaue,
I shall take him I perceiue,
To take the horse shee him prayed,
And leade him vp the Ladie said,
That there bee no more distance,
For that I shall thee advance.

I grant, said Bevis, by Gods dome,
When Arundell saw his master come,
Hee would never start nor leape,
Till Bevis on his backe did skip,
Bevis on Arundels backe him threw,
And thereby Iosian him knew.
Shee said, Bevis loue deare,
Ride not from mee in no manner,
Thou promised mee to wife to take,
When I my false gods did forsake,
Helpe, Bevis at this neede,
For thou hast now Arundell thy steede,
I shall fetch thy sword Morglay,
And leade mee then with thee away.
Then said Bevis, thou mightst mee blame,
It may turne mee vnto shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong,
Seaven winters that were long,
And the Patriarch on my life,
Charged mee never to take a wife,
But thee were a maiden cleane,
And seaven peare thou hast beene a Queene,
And everie night a King by thee,
How shouldst thou a maiden bee?
Mercie, Bevis, then said thee,
Vane mee home to thy countrie,
If yee finde mee not a true woman,
In all that you say can,
Send mee hither to my foe,
My selfe naked and no moe.

I grant

I grant, said Bevis, that you goe,
On the covenant that it bee so,
Hye you fast and make you prest,
And if with mee goe yee list.
Boniface stood still beside,
And said, Sir it were best to abide.
Sir Bevis, hee said, it is great perrill,
You shall bee taught a better skill,
The King is gone on his playing,
And sone hee will come from hunting,
And if hee finde wee bee away,
Hee will persue vs night and day,
With all his great Chevalrie,
Of courage stout and hardie,
Wee shall bee drawne through the towne,
And hanged like a false fellowne,
Sir Bevis I doe you reede,
Arundell to stable yee leade,
And at the gate yee shall abide,
For when the King in doth ride,
Hee will aske you of tidings,
Where you haue beene, and in what lands,
Wee shall tell him readilie,
That wee came out of Surrey,
And that the land is greatlie noyed,
Townes bee burnt and men destroyed,
And that King Bradwine is,
In point to lose his land iwis,
Through Siracke and his men,
Of Antioch that rich citie then.

Loke pee tell none other,
For King Bradwine is his brother,
And when hee heareth this tiding,
Hee will goe thither with hasting,
With all his power and all his hoast,
Then may wee goe with little boast.
Now said Bevis, I holde mee apaid,
Hee led vp the horse as hee said,
Sone after came the King from hunting,
And of Bevis asked tiding,
As Boniface tolde him before,
And all to him tolde Bevis thore,
I have great wonder said King Iour,
That hee sendeth not for succour.
The messengers were taken said Bevis surelie,
And entreated full evillie,
That came from King Bradwine,
For to bring thee tiding,
King Siracke hath them in holde,
I trow Bradwines heart is colde.
Now said King Iour,
I will hie mee in that stoure,
With all my power to helpe my brother,
In his right against the other.
King Iour gathered a great companie,
Foorth hee went into Surrey,
But his steward sir Gressey,
Hee left at home full strictlie,
Then came together in that case,
Bevis, Iosian, and Boniface.

Now it is time, said Bevis to goe,
Nay, said Boniface, yee shall not doe so,
The kings steward sir Gressey,
Is made a keeper of the faire Ladie,
I know an hearbe, said hee iwis,
That of such a vertue is,
All those that thereof drinke,
It shall make their eyes to winke:
And make them sleepe through its might,
All a day and all a night.
Had Gressey drunke this herbe with wine,
Then might wee goe verie fine.
When Boniface had done this thing,
Yee rose vp without leesing,
On the morrow withoutten misse,
Iosian, Boniface, and Bevis,
They them parbey as they would,
Both of silver and of gold,
They hyed them forth on their way,
Sir Gressey awoke on the next day,
when he wist ỳ Quæn was wt ỳ palmer gone
Yee to himselfe made great moane,
Yee made his men them to dight,
And gathered great power to fight,
And hee rode forth all by deene,
After the palmer and the Queene,
All Mambrant after them drough,
Weaponed and armed well enough,
On everie side with a great rout,
They beset Bevis round about.

Then said Bevis to Boniface,
Thou seest wee bee in a strange case,
Thou shalt with her abide heere still,
While I goe fight with them my fill,
They shall abie if that I may,
For I have rested many a day,
Had you never so good gaming,
As yee shall see when we are lamming.
Nay, said Boniface, unto him tho,
Forsoth it shall not bee so,
I shall bring you lesse in doubt,
The land is beset round about,
A little beside us beere,
In a rocke a caue heere,
Were wee once therein brought,
Wee neede not care for them ought,
To the caue they came at last,
Grassay searched and over them past,
Hee went away where hee came fro,
With great care and much woe,
All night in that caue they were,
Without meate or drinke there,
Iosian hungred on the morrow sore
And to Bevis shee complained there.
Bevis said to Boniface,
Keepe thou Iosian in this place,
For I will goe upon yon hill,
To see if I can ought kill,
That wee may on coales cast,
For Iosian may ill fast.

Forth

Forth went Bevis in that stound,
With him hee had a good gray hound,
Now when Bevis was gone them fro,
Into the caue came Lyons two,
Grinning and ramping with their feete,
And both on Boniface did they leape,
His sword vnto him hee dreugh,
And armed him well aneugh,
And gaue vnto them battell right,
But all too feeble was his might,
For anone they him slew,
And his bones they all to gnew,
When they had eaten vp the man,
They went both to Iosian,
And laid their heads vpon her arme,
But they would doe her none harme,
For it is the Lyons kinde iwis,
A Kings daughter that a maide is,
Harme nor skaith none to doe,
Therefore lay the Lyons so,
When Bevis came from hunting,
In the caue at the beginning,
As hee went in for the nones,
Hee saw a man gnawne to the bones,
Into the caue then went hee,
To see what chance there might bee,
Iosian sate in much doubt,
And two Lyons her about,
Ah Sir, said Iosian tho,
Come take revenge of these two,

For

For right now they haue slaine,
Boniface my Chamberlaine:
The one Lyon will I hold,
Whiles yee make the other cold:
About the neck she toke the one,
And Bevis bad let him alone,
I say, Iosian, let them free,
For I see well a maide yee bee,
What masterie is it them to slae,
In hands when yee holde them sae:
Let them come to mee both.
Or in sooth I shall bee wroth,
Shee let goe the Lyons without misse,
And both they assailed sir Bevis,
Strong and perrilous was the fight,
Betweene the Lyons and the Knight,
They gaue him wounds long and wide,
They force his armour on everie side,
Bevis thereat was full wroth,
And at one stroake hee slew them both,
For Boniface full woe was hee,
But when hee saw no boote would bee,
Hee tooke vp Iosian that tide,
And on his way forth can ride,
They had not ridden but a while,
Not the mountenance of a mile,
But they met with a gyant,
With a full furious semblant,
Hee was mightie and strong,
Hee was full fourtie foote long,

Hee

Hee was brestledlike a Sow,
A foote there was betweene each brow,
His lips were great they hung aside,
His eyes were hollow his mouth wide,
Hee was loathsome for to looke on,
Hee was liker a devill than a man,
His staffe was a young Oake,
Hee would giue a great stroake.
Bevis wondered at that sight,
And asked him what hee hight,
My name is Ascapart,
Sir Gressey sent mee hitherward,
For to bring you home againe,
And now I am glad and faine,
That I haue you heere found,
And together wee shall bee bound,
So shall yee bee led to *M*ambrant,
With a full sorrow semblant.
Yet, said Bevis, thou mayst faile,
By mee thou mayst die in battaile,
Off Arundell Bevis downe light,
And betooke him to his Ladie bright,
And Bevis with a bolde heart,
With Morglay assailed Ascapart,
Betwixt them both was great fight,
Sir Bevis was nimble and light,
And starte his dints fro,
When Ascapart at him did throw:
If his heart would brast,
Hee could not one blow on Bevis fast.

For if hee had smitten Sir Bevis once,
Hee would haue burst all his bones.
Bevis skipped heere and there,
Gaue him wounds wide and sore,
Then Ascapart was full woe,
And smote at sir Bevis tho,
Hee smote to hit Sir Bevis crowne,
His foote slipt, and hee fell downe,
And ere that hee rise might.
Bevis with his sword was dight,
To haue smitten off his head,
But Iosian did it forbid.
Sir, shee said, yee shall him saue,
And let him liue to bee your slaue,
Dame, hee said, hee will vs betray.
I will bee priest, shee said nay.
Ascapart did Bevis homage,
And became Sir Bevis page,
Then they went forth all three,
Till they came to the Sea,
A Barke they found readie there,
To Chrisendome for to fare,
There were Sarasins great plentie,
And denyed Bevis therein to ferrie,
When Ascapart heard of that,
Anone hee tooke to him his bat,
Hee droue them out with much harme,
And then Arundell vnder his arme,
With Bevis and Iosian to ship hee bare,
Hee droue vp sails and made good fare,

They

They sailed foorth sooth to saine,
Unto the haven of Colaine,
Bevis went vnto the land,
And soone a friend there hee fand.
The Bishop of the towne surelie,
To sir Bevis was kinsman nie,
Bevis greet well the Bishop bolde,
And what hee was hee him tolde,
The Bishop was full well apaid,
And to Sir Bevis, welcome, hee said,
To see you heere I am full faine,
My minde gaue mee you were slaine.
Whence, hee said, is thy Ladie sheene,
Sir, said Bevis, of heatheneese a Quéene.
For her I haue suffred much paine,
And shée would become a Christian faine,
Hee said, what is this bad visage?
Sir, Bevis said, hee is my page,
Hee must bee Christened also,
Though hee bee blacke and blo,
The Bishop Christened Iosian,
That was as white as anie Swan,
For Alcapart was made a Phunt,
And when hee should therein bee put,
Hee leapt over the banch,
And said, charle wilt thou mee drench,
The devill of hell thy bane bee,
I am too big to bee Christened by thee,
The folke had good game and lough,
But the Bishop was wroth enough.

How Bevis slew a fierce and a dreadfull dragon in the land of Coleyne.

AND is Bevis in Coleyne land,
Through the helpe of Christs hand,
There hee got great renowne,
By the slaying of a Dragon,
For when Lancelot du Lake,
Fought with the burnig Drake,
Guy of Warwicke I understand,
Slew a Dragon in Coleyne land,
But such a Dragon was never seene,
As Sir Bevis slew in Coleyne.
Bevis went to bed at night,
With much joy and torch bright,
And after his first sleeping,
Hee heard a ruthfull crying,
The voyce said in his cry,
Jesus my Lord on mee have mercie,
I rot, hee said, bone by bone,
My death is comming mee upon.
Bevis therefore had great sorrow,
And assked them on the morrow.
And said, what meant the cry?
They answered him, and tolde him why.
They said, it was a gentle knight,
That was strong and bolde in fight,
As hee rode through the towne,
Hee met with a fell Dragon,
That with venome on him throwne,
The knight had all to blowne.

Sir I shall tell you all the case,
How the Dragon came in this place,
In the towne of Calabour men tell,
Were two Dragons great and fell,
These two Dragons there did fight,
For seaven yeare both day and night,
And destroyed both man and beast,
On everie side both East and West,
There was one in that land,
That was full of Gods hand,
Hee made request to God above,
That hee will for his Mothers love,
Deliver out by his holie grace,
These two Dragons from that place,
These two Dragons downe fell,
And had no power there to dwell,
Then they flew to Tuskaine,
Many men there have they slaine,
From Tuskaine into Lumbardie,
There did they great villanie,
The one Dragon by Gods dome,
Flew to the Court of Rome,
Hee there rested his cursed bones,
Some say in a Caue of stones,
Men sayes, hee is there yet,
Inclosed by Clarkes wit,
The other Dragon wee understand,
Flew hither into Coleyne land,
Within a myle lyeth hee.
But a myle distance from the sea,

All

All Colaine land round about,
Haue of him great feare and doubt,
The Dragon was there that night,
And hath destroyed the said Knight,
Lord, Christ, said Bevis tho,
May no man that Dragon slo?
Certaine, they said, without fable,
All Christendome is not for him able,
But if Michaell come downe,
Can no man slay that Dragon.
Sir Bevis called Ascapart him to,
And asked him what they would doe,
Wilt thou, said hee, with mee goe,
For to see the Dragon wee two,
By chance if wee with him fight,
Wee may him slay by Gods might,
I am readie, said Ascapart truelie,
Haue done anone let vs thither hie,
Bevis armed him and foorth did ride,
And Ascpart went by his side,
When they were past the Citie,
And were neare where hee should bee,
The Dragon cast vp such a yell,
As would haue feared the Devill of hell,
Ascapart said with heavie cheare,
Hearest thou what I doe heare?
Yes, said Bevis, haue no doubt,
The Dragon sure is heere about,
Boldlie shall wee to him gae,
By Gods grace wee shall him slae.

Bevis rode forth a good pace,
Where hee trowed the Dragon was,
Surelie said Ascapart tho,
I will home-wards againe tho,
For I will not for all pavie,
See the Divell that made the cry.
What devill, said Bevis, art thou mad?
I thought nothing could thee feard,
For shame wilt thou afraied bee,
Of any thing ere thou it see?
Sir, hee said, with heavie cheare,
I will neither see nor heare.
Well, said Bevis, wilt thou so?
I will him slay ere I goe.
Ascapart further would nought,
Bevis rode forth and there fought,
The Dragon cast up a loud cry,
As it had thundred in the Skye,
Hee turned his bellie towards the Sun,
It was as big as anie tun,
His scales was bright as the glasse,
And hard they were as anie brasse,
Betweene his shoulder and his taile,
Was fourtie foote without faile,
Hee waltred out of his den,
Bevis pricked his steede then,
And to him a speare hee so thurst,
That all to shivers hee it burst,
The Dragon gan Bevis to assaile,
And smote Sir Bevis with his taile.

Then downe went horse and man,
Two ribs of Bevis were bruised than,
Upstart Bevis with good will,
And ran after the Dragon still,
And good Morglay out braide,
And on the Dragon fast hée laid.
But for no stroake that hée did strike,
Would his Morglay on him bike,
The Dragon was grieved sore,
And smote at sir Bevis more and more,
And gaue him many a wound,
And felled him oft to the ground,
What for wearie and what for faint,
Sir Bevis was neare attaint,
The Dragon followed on Bevis so hard,
That as hée would haue fled backward,
There was a well as I wéene,
And hée stumbled right therein,
Then was Bevis afraid and wae,
Lest the Dragon should him slae,
Ere that hée might away passe,
When hée in that well was,
Then was the well of such vertue,
Through the might of Christ Jesu,
For sometime dwelled in that land,
A Virgin full of Christes hand,
That had béene bathed in that well,
That ever after as men tell,
Might no venemous worme come therin
By the vertue of that Virgin.

For

Nor nigh it seaven fote and more,
Then Bevis was glad therefore,
When hee saw the Dragon fell,
Hee had no power to come to the well,
Then was hee glad without faile,
And rested a while for his availe,
And dranke of the water his fill,
And then hee leapt out of the well,
And with *Morglay* his brand,
Assailed the Dragon I understand,
On the Dragon hee stroake so fast,
That where hee hit the scales brast,
The Dragon then fainted sore,
And cast up a gallon and more,
Out of his mouth of venome strong,
And on Sir Bevis hee it flong,
Which was so venomous iwis,
That when it was on sir Bevis,
His armour burst at that stound,
And hee fell dead on the ground,
There was no life in him seene,
Hee lay as a dead man on the greene,
The Dragon smote him without faile,
That hee turned up top and taile,
But therefore hee toke no keepe,
Hee lay as a dead man asleepe,
Hee smote Bevis as I you tell,
Till hee smote him in the well,
That was of great vertue that time,
For it would suffer no venime.

Through vertue of that virgin,
That once was bathed therein,
When Bevis was at the ground,
The water made him whole and sound,
And quenched all the venome away,
This well saved Bevis that day,
When hee felt him whole and light,
And knew that well of so great might,
Then was hee a joyfull man,
Hee was as fresh as hee began,
Hee kneeled downe in that place,
To Jesus Christ hee called for grace,
That hee would send him might,
To slay that Dragon in fight.
Bevis blest him and forth rode,
And leapt up with heart full good,
And Bevis to the Dragon gone is,
And the Dragon to Sir Bevis,
Long and hard was the fight,
Betwixt the Dragon and the Knight,
But ever when Bevis was hurt sare,
He went to the wall and washt him there
Hee was whole as any man,
And ever as fresh as hee began,
The Dragon saw hee might not availe,
Besides the well to holde battaile,
Hee thought hee would with some wile,
Out of that place Bevis beguile,
Hee would have flowne then away,
And Bevis leapt after with good Morglay.

And hit him vnder the wing,
As hee began to take his flying,
There hee was tender without scale,
Then Bevis thought to bee his bale,
Hee smote after him as I you say,
With his sword good Morglay,
Up to the hilts Morglay yode,
Through heart, liver, bone, and blood,
To the ground fell the Dragon,
Great joy then sir Bevis began,
Under the scales all on hight,
Hee smote his head off full right,
And put it vpon a speare,
And away hee did it beare,
Hee went to Coleyne that tide,
With great joy, and much pride,
When they of the citie saw Bevis,
Come with the Dragons head iwis,
All the belles they gan to ring,
Priestes and Clarkes then did sing,
And brought Bevis into the towne,
With great joy and renowne,
Then was Bevis name in honour,
Everie man did him favour,
In everie land is now spred,
Sir Bevis great praise and laud,
Glad was the Bishop tho,
That sir Bevis had borne him so.
Bevis did goe vpon a day,
To the Bishop where hee lay.

And said, what is your reede Sir?
I will goe to revenge my Father,
Of that wicked fellon,
That slew him by treason,
If I might by any gin,
Mine heritage againe to win?
And Sir, you are my Fathers brother,
And Sir Sabere is another,
Of you two I must haue counsaile,
For surelie I will him assaile,
Sir, said the Bishop anone right,
Sir Sabere is a doughtie Knight,
For eberie yeare on a day certaine,
Hee fighteth thy step-father againe,
With a great baronage,
For to win thine heritage.
I will thee finde at my costage,
An hundreth men with my wage,
And goe to Sabere thy Uncle right,
Hee lines now in the Ile of Wight,
Sir, hee said, I thanke you truelie,
But let these men bee sone readie,
Sir Bevis went to Iosian,
And toke his leaue of his Lemman,
And said, my Ladie I must goe,
For to wracke mee of my foe.
For to win into mine hand,
All mine heritage and land,
And heere still shall you bee,
And Ascapart shall bee with thee.

Hee

Hee shall haue ere I wend,
Money enough for to spend,
Iosian saw it must bee so,
Shee kissed him and foorth did goe,
Foorth went Bevis with a rout,
Of hardie men bold and stout,
That the Bishop him gaue,
So long on the Sea they draue,
Till they came to a Towne,
But two miles from South-Hampton,
Then said Bevis to them tho,
Is heere any man that will goe,
Unto sir Murdure of Almaine,
And say there is come one Almaine,
With draghtie men not farre distance,
The best of the realme of France,
And say, wee bee come into this land,
For wee bee given to understand,
There should bee great warre and fight,
Betweene him and another Knight,
And wee will helpe him in that stour,
If hee will lend my men Armour,
And if hee will not doe so,
To the other wee will goe,
A Knight went foorth on that message,
That noble was of linage.
When hee came to the Castle gate,
The Porter let him in thereat,
And to sir Murdure was hee led,
And told him as sir Bevis said.

Murdure then was heereof full faine,
Hee rose vp and went to them againe,
And brought sir Bevis into the hall,
And faire saluted him withall,
Bevis was sir Murdures guest,
That night hee did him feast,
His owne mother without leesing,
Made sir Bevis great feasting,
Murdure asked what hee hight,
Gerrard, hee said, I you plight,
Gerrard, hee said, iwis,
This Countesse which heere is,
An Earle her had eke to her wed,
And got a Childe by her in bed,
When the Earle to death was brought,
The youth anone wared nought,
His father was of noble blood,
And his mother in all things good,
The Boy when hee came to age,
Hee solde to mee his heritage,
Hee spent his silver with much blame,
And went out of the land for shame,
Now commeth his vncle an hardie knight,
That is in the yle of wight,
And challengeth his heritage,
With a fullbolde baronage,
And oftentimes with his rout,
Destroyeth my lands round about,
This is the cause sir Gerrard,
That either warre on so hard.

When

When sir Murdure had said,
Bevis sate still and was evill apaid,
And thought, Lord, whether shall I flae,
This false traytour ere I gae?
Nay, thought Bevis truelie,
It will turne to villanie,
Then men might deeme by reason,
That I slew him by treason,
It would mee blot with cowardise.
If I slap him in this wise,
Therefore I will not him assaile,
I will him slay in plaine battaile,
When Bevis a while had sitten still,
Sir, hee said, will yee heare my will,
I have hither companie brought,
But in armour have they nought,
They might not with armour lead,
But it noyed them as they yead,
And few horses iwis have wee,
Wee left them tarrying beyond the sea,
Lend mee horse and armour then,
For to harnesse all my men,
And if that yee have shipping to,
That wee to the Ile may goe,
This night will I live or die,
On him that is your enemie,
And thus within a little while,
You shall heare acquaint guile,
Sir Murdure did as hee bade,
And the men with armour clad.

And ordained him shipping good,
And brought them vnto the Flood,
And forth they went all by night,
Till they came to the Ile of Wight,
Sabere out of the Castle lay,
And heard much noyse and great array,
And saw a ship to land was dight,
With manie heades and helmes bright,
And had wonder what they were,
And Bevis displayed his Banner there,
For to make glad sir Sabere,
Of his Father sir Guyes armour,
For many a time there before,
Were those armes in battell borne,
Sabere knew the cognisance.
And made them good semblance.
And said, certes I vnderstand,
That yonder is Bevis come now to land,
Sabere went thither all in haste,
Where the ship was made fast,
And welcomed Bevis with joy and blisse,
And either the other then did kisse,
And thanked God of his grace,
That Bevis was come vnto that place,
Forth went Bevis and Sabere,
With their men without feare,
Bevis tolde his Game there,
How hee deceived his step-father,
Bevis asked forth-with than,
If there were ever any man.

The which durst goe I wot,
To South-Hampton in a Boat,
And tell sir Murdure this Knight,
That it was not a French Knight,
Neither that hee heght sir Gerrard,
That made with him not forward,
But say, it was Bevis of renowne,
Right heire of South-Hampton,
And say, the Countesse is my Dame,
The devill give them both much shame,
And say hee will avenged bee,
For slaying of his Father sir Guy,
And who so for mee will doe this,
Shall bee well rewarded iwis,
Up start a Knight with bolde visage,
Which undertooke the message,
And armed him foorth full hote,
And went soone into that boat,
When hee came to the other side,
Unto the Castle straight hee did ride,
And found Sir *Murdure* at his supper,
With good semblant and merrie cheare,
The Knight on his knees him set,
And sir *Murdure* faire then did him greete.
And said, Sir *Murdure* I doe bring,
Unto thee a certaine tiding.
But the Knight is not Gerrard,
That to day with thee made not forward,
Hee heght Bevis of South-Hampton,
Hee is thy Ladies owne sonne,

I heard

I heard him to sir Sallere speake,
His fathers death hee sone will wreake,
And win hee will his heritage,
Of them that hath done him outrage.
When sir Murdure heard that word,
Hee cast his knife out over the bord,
To haue smitten the messenger,
But hee failed as you may heare.
And smote his sonne on the breast,
That hee never after spake with Priest,
Then rose there a nopse and cry,
The messenger then foorth did flye,
And thought not good to dwell there long,
But out hee leapt in the throng,
And smote his horse with his spurres,
When hee was without the doores,
Faire and well hee can him dight,
Till hee came to the yle of wight,
And to Sir Bevis, and Sir Sabere,
How sir *Murdure* sitting at supper,
His owne sonne for pre hee slew,
Bevis had good game when hee it knew,
And gaue the messenger without grudging,
Fourtie pound for his tiding.

How a Knight that heght Miles, came and wooed Iosian, and wedded her against her will.

LEt vs of them bee still then,
And speake wee now of Iosian,
That in Coleyne dwelled still,
Where shee had not all her will.

There

There dwelt a Knight that heght Miles,
In that land of Coleyne whiles,
On Iosian his loue hee cast,
And wooed her wondrous fast,
But all his speech turned to nought,
For nothing could change her thought,
The Earle was wroth in his manner,
For Iosian made him in great danger,
And in his anger hee downe him set,
And to Iosian hee spake words great,
I shall doe with thee my will,
Whether it turne to good or ill.
Sir, said Iosian, thy wrath let bee,
I dread thee nought at all truelie,
For if thou cause mee to smart,
I affye thee in Ascapart,
Certaine, quod Earle Miles,
I shall him by some manner beguile,
When hee saw hee might not speede,
Up hee rose and forth hee yeede,
Hee made a letter to bee written right,
On this manner it was dight,
From Bevis as a letter would,
That Ascapart come should,
Unto a Castle in the yle,
Lying from Coleyne but a mile,
When Ascapart heard that sound,
Hee tooke his bat in his hand,
And went forth with the messenger,
In great haste till hee came there.

When hee was well within.
The messenger knew a quant gin,
Within hee left Ascapart,
And locked the gates to him hard.
Hee rowed himselfe to land againe,
And tolde Sir *Miles* of that traine,
Then had the Earle no dread,
But to Iosian againe hee yeede.
And said, Ladie make now moane,
For Ascapart is from thee gone,
In a Castle within the Sea,
Fast locked there sure is hee,
Then was shee full ill apaid,
And to a messenger shee said,
Goe thou to ship this darke night,
And passe foorth to the Ile of Wight,
And bid Sir Bevis for any thing,
Come to me without letting,
And hee will haue mee on line,
I pray thee goe to him belive,
I shall thy reward well pay,
Doe mine errand without delay,
The messenger went foorth away.
There was no more then to say,
And Sir *Miles* soone after then,
Came vnto faire Iosian,
And first hee would lyen her by,
Sir, shee said, haue mercie,
For I haue sworne by God truely.
That no man shall lye mee by.

Although

Although thereof I lose my life,
Untill hée wed mée to bée his wife,
If thou wilt mee spouse and wed,
Thou shalt haue mee to thy bed,
Gladlie my Ladie, then said hee,
To morrow shall wee wedded bee,
Hee kissed her anone as his right,
And sent for Baron and Knight,
That should bee of his companie,
At the wedding for to bee,
For hee would bee wedded priuilie,
The next morning verie earelie,
On the morrow hee forgot nought,
But they to Church were brought,
They earelie then began to wed,
Both to board and eke to bed,
When the wedding was all done,
By that it was high noone,
Earles and Barons soone set,
And rich meates was forth set,
There lacked nothing certainlie,
Of rich meate and minstrelsie,
When it drew toward the night,
A rich supper there was dight,
And afterward berament,
As the Ladie to Chamber went,
Within her bed when shee was,
The Earle came and did reioyce,
With Barons a great companie,
And possets made with spicerie,

When

When they had dronken wine,
Sir, said Iosian, and loue mine,
Let no person heere bee,
This night to know our priuitie,
Neither knight, maiden, nor swaine,
My selfe shall bee your Chamberlaine,
Yee said, Lemmen, it shall bee so,
Man, and maide hee bade out goe,
Yee shoote the doore well and fast,
And set him downe at the last,
To haue a Curtaine it was law,
Before the bed shee did it draw,
Then on a girdling without leesing,
Shee made a knot riding,
About his necke shee threw it thore,
And strangled him withoutten more,
Then on a beame shes hanged him hie,
And let him hing for his folie,
The night passed in that wise,
The Barons gan for to arise,
Some on hunting and some to Church,
And worke-men rose to gan worke,
The halfe day passed without faile,
The Barons had of him much marueill,
Some said, let him bee still,
Of Iosian hée hath his will,
After when it drew to noone,
A Baron spake there full soone,
I marueill how this may bee,
I will goe the Chamber and see,

Yee

Hee smote the doze then so fast,
That it flew open at the last.
Arise, hee said, Earle Mile,
For thou hast slept a great while,
Thine head aked I wot well,
Thou hast nede of a candle?
Nay, said shee, I undertake,
His head shall never more aike,
I have charmed him for that sore,
That his heade shall never aike more,
For I have unknit the wedding,
Yonder pee may see him hanging,
Hee shall never woman spill,
Doe with mee whatsoever pes will,
All they made great sorrow,
The next day on the morrow,
Shee was judged debament,
In the fire for to bee brent,
Without the towne was set a stake,
A great fire they did make,
In the Castle lay Ascapart,
Full heavie ever was his heart,
And had great wonder truelie,
What the fire should signifie,
Hee thought in his heart then,
That Iosian some woe was in,
In the Castle where hee was lockt,
A turret hee had all to broke,
Hee was so woe and wood,
That hee leapt into the flood.

And sat by him it chanced,
That a fisher came that tide,
Then Ascapart toke his boate in hand,
And rowed himselfe vnto the land,
Toward the folke hee gan to loke,
Bevis came after and him overtoke,
And said, theese where hast thou beene,
And where hast thou left my Queene,
Sir Bevis, Lord, mercie hee said,
The Earle *Miles* hath mee betraide.
Towards the fire they hyed them blythe,
The Priest gan Iosian shrive,
Christs blessing haue hee among,
For that hee tarryed by her so long,
And when the fire was all readie,
In her smoke shee stode thereby,
Right as they should her bren,
On Arundell Bevis gan ren,
And in his hand good *Morglay*,
Ascapart went another way,
And all they about her found,
Bevis and hee feld to the ground,
There was neither Knight nor Swaine,
That passed away vnslaine,
And that made the false Earle *Mile*,
For his treason and his guile,
Bevis toke with him then,
Both Ascapart and Iosian,
And went forth anonerright,
Till hee came to the Ile of Wight.

Sir

Sir Sabere welcomed with good heart,
Bevis, Iosian, and Ascapart.

How Bevis and sir Sabere his Eame, sent messengers far & wide for men of armes, to succour them in that tide against sir *M*urdure, that held Bevis heritage by treason, that was imagined by the wicked woman his mother: And how in the field Ascapart bare Murdure and his horse *M*augre of all the hoaste, into the Castle, and how he was sodden to death in a Cauldron,

SAbere and Bevis sent their sond,
Alive about in everie land,
After right great Chevalrie,
Of stalward knights plentie,
That they might finde for them,
Both stout and hardie men,
They spared neither silver nor gold,
For the best men have they would,
Bevis was courteous and free,
To everie man in his degree,
There came earles and Barons iwis,
For to succour sir Bevis,
There came knights, Squyers, and Pages,
Each one had of him good wages,
And rich gifts more and lesse,
Each man after his doughtinesse,
Therefore each man to him sought,
Hee tooke and left what hee best thought,

Ever hee chose of them the best.
That hee could finde east or west,
Sir Murdure much sorrow made,
When hee saw Bevis had such a menie,
The Countesse said, dread yee nought,
Of good counsell I am bethought,
Yee shall send forth with a certaine,
After the power of Almaine,
After you shall send your sond,
After my Father into Scotland,
Yee will come to you readilie,
With a full great companie,
And wee will have manie moe,
Out of England and Wales also,
Wherefore should you dread then,
When yee have so manie men?
If Bevis see you have this rout,
He will flee away for doubt.
Sir Murdure did by her counsell,
The messenger went without faile,
That afterward without leesing,
To Hampton came Prince and King,
There came with the King of Scotland,
The number of five thousand,
There came out of Almaine,
With five Mories of Miane,
Foure thousand with helmes bright,
All well armed for to fight,
And sir Murdure had also,
Three thousand men and moe,

Now Lordings said Sir *Murdure*,
You that come mee to succour,
Often haue yee heard parde,
Of the strife betweene Sabere and mee,
And now to helpe him for to fight,
Is come Bevis a noble Knight,
Ever I thought hee had beene dead,
What is therefore your best reede,
Yee threatneth mee for to bee slaine,
And that hee will haue his land againe,
A Gyant with him hee hath brought,
An earthlie man seemeth hee nought,
Neither of flesh nor yet of fell,
For hee is like the Devill of hell,
Men call him Ascapart throughout,
Of him forsooth I haue great doubt,
But Lordings, hee said, arme you well,
Both of yron and of steele,
Though Ascapart bee stiffe and sterke,
Many hands make a light warke,
When his hoast was armed and dight,
They shipped to the Ile of Wight,
And all the Ile was then besprad,
with the power Sir *Murdure* led.
Sir Sabere looked out at a towre,
And saw the hoaste of Sir *Murdure*,
And all hastilie downe did goe,
For to tell Bevis so.
And said, Bevis now counsaile,
I trow it would vs well availe.

In this Caſtle to holde vs ſtill,
And to defend vs from all ill,
For ſuch an hoaſte as ſir Murdure,
Saw I never in no ſtoure,
Goe away Sabere ſaid Bevis tho,
For if they had as manie moe,
Againſt vs they haue no might,
They haue the wrong and wee the right,
Arme you all Bevis gan cry,
Then they made readilie,
And yee ſhall haue ſir Sabere,
Three thouſand vnder your Banner.
And I as manie will leade,
Of doughtie men good at neede,
For I will haue the fore-ward,
And then hee ſaid to Aſcapart,
Thou ſhalt ſtay heere truelie,
With three thouſand men hardie,
When wee haue medled aſtound,
And each brought other to the ground,
And that the ſtoure is moſt ſtrong,
Hye thee hither and dwell not long,
For three thouſand of freſh men,
Good helpe will doe vs then,
Bevis then his horne did blow,
That all his men might him know,
By that blowing ſir Murdure,
Knew they gathered to the ſtoure,
Yee ſaid, Lordings without faile.
Now commeth our foes to battaile.

Bee yee hardie and stout also,
For wee bee as manie moe,
Two battels did they make,
The King of Scotland did one take,
Sir Murdure the other led,
Either of them ten thousand had,
The first that of the Castle came out,
Was sir Bevis with his rout,
And Sabere with his companie,
Came after full boldlie,
Either hoaste gan the other dette,
And everie man made him readie,
Sir *Moris* of Mian,
Rode fast Sir Sabere againe,
And Sabere met him so iwis,
And such a stroake hee gaue sir *Moris*,
That quite away gan hee cleane,
From the shoulder arme and sleeue,
Before the prease went sir Bevis,
On everie side hee slew iwis,
There might none with him stand,
That saw the King of Scotland,
Hee preassed in with his rout,
And beset Bevis round about,
Bevis then would not stap,
But made rowme with good *Morglay*,
Hee would by no meanes stint so,
Till hee came the King vnto,
And such a stroake hee him sent,
That horse and man to ground went,

But such came succour to him tho,
At that time sir Bevis did not him sloe,
But ere hee was horsed againe,
Many men Bevis had slaine,
Forth pressed Bevis in the throng,
On everie side downe hee slong,
Yee never stinted in that stoure,
Till hee came to Sir *Murdure*,
Traytour, hee said, with great envie,
Turne thee now I thee defye,
When *Murdure* saw hee was bested,
Hee turned his backe and would haue fled,
And Bevis smote after with good *Morglay*,
But missed him there well away,
From his backe the stroake fell downe,
And yit vpon the sadle cropowne,
And smote asunder to the ground,
Horse and saddle both in that stound,
But there came hastilie succour,
And horsed againe Sir Murdure,
Full boldlie then did hee abide,
The people dyed on everie side,
Bevis rade forth on Arundel,
On everie side hee did them fell,
Some lay bleeding as a swine,
And some began for to pine,
Yee some their visages did pare,
That men might see their teeth bare,
There went none vnmarked away,
That hee might hit with good *Morglay*,

For

For sore grieved was hee,
Where hee had one they had three,
But Bevis and Sabere bare them so,
Against one they slew two,
When the throng was thus smart,
Then forth came Ascapart,
All on sote I you sweare,
For there might none horse him beare,
Hee tooke his staffe into his hand,
And slew all that neare hee fand,
When Ascaprrt came with his rout,
Then had Sir *Murdure* great doubt,
For hee brought with him then,
Three thousand of fresh men,
And laid on on everie side,
And slew all that would abide,
Great pittie men might haue seene,
Of the murther that there had beene,
Fearefull they were of Ascapart,
For hee smote so sore and hard,
That three thousand they might see lye,
And drowne them in the Sea.
Bevis called Ascapart him till,
And said, fellow beare my skill,
Loke that thou take good heede,
To him that rideth on that white steede,
And beare him aliue into the tower,
For that same is sir Murdure.
Yes, said Ascapart tho,
Wee shall thriue him ere wee goe.

Ascapart.

Ascapart with his staffe,
Many their deathes did hee graffe,
With great strength and much paine,
Hee came to sir Murdure of Almaine,
And all on horse as hee sate there,
Under his arme hee gan them beare,
Then began *M*urdures men to hye,
To rescue him hee should not dye,
The King of Scotland with his rout,
Beset Ascapart round about,
And then sir Bevis and sir Sabere,
Came thither with their power,
And slew all that would stand,
To the number of one thousand,
And *M*augre if they had swoorne,
*M*urdure was to the Castle borne.
The King of Scotland then did fret,
When he saw Murdure to the Castle was set
When all his men were downe smitten,
Hee turned his backe and would haue flyen,
Then they would no longer abide,
But slew them downe on everie side,
Sir Bevis and sir Sabere,
Chased him with their power,
So fast followed they,
That many fled into the Sea,
And they that stood them againe,
They were all maimed and slaine,
Some their thanks by the knee,
And some were parted into three.

Some

Some their nose and some their lip,
The King of Scotland had a ship,
And fled away soone by west,
To the place that liked him best,
Bevis and Sabere turned againe,
Into the Castle glad and faine,
Sir Bevis without any let.
Made a Cauldron on fire bee set,
Full of pitch and brimstone,
A worse death was never none,
When the cauldron boyled hard,
Murdure was cast into the midward,
That death dyed hee truely,
For the death of good sir Guy,
Thereof heard the Countesse,
That Sir *Murdure* dead was,
Shee stood aboue in a tower,
So woe shee was for Sir *Murdure*,
Shee leapt downe and broke her necke,
I beshrew them that doe it wrecke,
When sir Bevis the tiding heard,
Of his mother how shee farde.
As sorie was hee for her,
As hee was for his step-father,
Soone after good sir Bevis,
Come to South-Hampton is,
To take possession of his lands,
That had beene long out of his hands,
The Burgesses with much pride,
To meete sir Bevis foorth gan ride.

And

And brought sir Bevis faire and well,
To Hampton to his owne Castle,
Of Hampron all the Baronage,
Came and did Bevis homage,
Then was Bevis glad and faine,
That hee had his enemies slaine,
Then Bevis the soth to saine,
Sent to the Bishop of Coleyne,
That hee would not for any thing,
But haue him at his wedding,
When hee was thither come,
Two Knights tooke Iosian anone,
To Church then they her led,
The Bishop himselfe on a booke reade,
And vnto Bevis shee was wedded bliue,
Vnto the ending of their liue,
Now hath Bevis recovered his state,
Two Children on her hee gate,
The first night together they lay,
Afterward I to you say,
Sabere counselled him there,
To goe to London to King Edger,
To make him homage as reason would,
For his lands hee challenge and hold,
Sir Bevis did after his counsell,
And went forth before the King,
And proffered to doe him homage,
As it pertained to his heritage,
King Edger asked what hee hight,
And what hee claimed for his right,

Sir

Sir, hee said, my name is Bevis,
The Earledoms of South-Hamptons mine is,
After my father sir Guy,
That was slaine for his Ladie,
By sir Murdure of Almaine,
And thanked bee God he is slaine,
Bevis, said the King I holde mee paide,
I grant that thou now hast saide,
The King his Marshall called nye hand,
And said, deliver mee thy wand,
For Guy his father was my Marshall,
And sir Bevis his sonne to bee shall,
The wand to Bevis King taketh,
And his Marshall him maketh,
Bevis is now of great might,
Beloved both of King and Knight,
Each man both Earle and Baron,
Loved and dread Bevis of Hampton,
For largelie would hee spend.
And gifts both give and send,
To everie man after his estate,
No man had cause him to hate,
Hee was so courteous and kind,
That everie man was his friend,
Saue sir Brien of Cornwale,
Hee hated Bevis without faile,
For Bevis had those offices,
That sometime were his.
In Sommer at the whitsontide,
When Knights on horse backe ride,

A courts

A course they made vpon a day,
Steedes and Palfrayes to assay,
Which horse that best did run,
Three myle the course was then,
Hee that best ride could,
Should haue fourtie pound of golde,
Sir Bevis was apaid well,
For hee trusted in Arundell,
On the morrow when it was light,
Thither came both Baron and Knight,
With faire steedes and much pryde,
That in that course would ride.
Two Knights were stollen before,
A large halfe mile and more,
That none of their fellowes wate,
Bevis with his spurres smote,
On Arundell so saith the Booke,
And amid the way hee them ouertooke,
Hee rode the course in a while,
Or they thought hee had ridden two mile,
Now hath Bevis the pryse won,
Through Arundell that well did run,
Wherefore with that and other cattell,
Hee made the Castle of Arundell,
The horse was praised in that place,
For both swift and lustie hee was,
The Kings sonne and heire,
Thought the horse good and faire,
And to Bevis then hee hyed,
And prayed him to haue his steede,

No, said Bevis for no gold,
But aske elle what yee would,
At your will yee shall it haue
But Arundell doe yee not craue,
For any prayer yee can pray,
The steede I will not giue away,
The Kings sonne when hee it saw,
That his minde hee could not draw,
Without any more fable,
Hee went into Sir Bevis stable,
Hee went the horse for to vntie,
But when hee came somewhat too nie,
And Arundell also was hote,
With his hinder foote hee him smote,
That hee drone out his braine,
That hee lay there dead slaine,
There was doole and much weeping,
When the tiding came to the King,
Foorth with the King verament,
Made to bee cald his parliament,
And began for to ordaine,
That Sir Bevis should bee slaine,
And hee drawne with wilde beastes,
His Barons would not his heastes,
They said, that were no skill,
But Arundell shall bee at his will,
For hee slew thy sonne so,
But nought to Bevis may yee doe,
Nay, said Bevis, for no Cattle,
Would I slay my Arundell.

For hee is good everie where,
Yet had I rather the land forsweare,
Then sir Bryan of Cornwale saide,
This is my counsell and my reade,
That yee doe one of these two,
I assent, said Bevis tho,
Before you all I giue heere,
Mine heritage to sir Sabere,
Sir Bevis delivered vp the wand,
And there hee forsware England,
A fortnight had hee respite,
For to spend all his delite,
But if hee after might bee found,
Yee should bee taken and fast bound,
On this manner they were all one,
And to Hampton hee rode anone,
And there hee tolde his friends there,
Of the case both lesse and maire,
It is no boote for vs to mourne,
For wee may no longer heere sojourne,
Bevis and Iosian made all readie,
And tooke their leave for to fettie,
Saberes sonne that hight Terrie,
Bevis tooke him for companie,
And Ascapart that false theefe,
Through him hee had much griefe,
Yee thought heere I doe dwell,
And nothing get but travell,
But if I might vp Termagant,
Bring Iosian to Mambrant.

I should bee welcome the King vntill,
And haue treasure at my will,
Thus Ascapart false was hée,
For Bevis was fallen into povertie,
When a man doth into povertie fall,
Few friends méeteth hée withall.

How Bevis and faire Iosian tooke their way into a strange land, and how she travelled in a forrest, and was delivered of two Childrē, & how Ascapart that false fellō, after her deliverance came and bare her away, and after that how Bevis came to a great justing and turnament and wan the pryse.

NOw Bevis and Iosian forth gan ride,
Till they came to the Forrest side,
And Iosian that was so milde,
In that wood travelled with Childe,
Bevis and Terry gan downe light,
And with their swords a lodge they dight,
And brought faire Iosian therein,
For they could no better gin,
Sir Bevis gan his service proffer,
For to helpe her hée did offer,
Shée thanked him, and shée said, nay,
For Gods loue hence away,
Goe and play you with Terry,
And let mée worke and our Lady,
There shall never womans pitie,
To man hée showed for mee.

For hee is good eberie where,
Yet had I rather the land forsweare,
Then sir Bryan of Cornwale saide,
This is my counsell and my reade,
That yee doe one of these two,
I assent, said Bevis tho,
Before you all I giue heere,
Mine heritage to sir Sabere,
Sir Bevis delivered vp the wand,
And there hee forsware England,
A fortnight had hee respite,
For to spend all his delite,
But if hee after might bee found,
Yee should bee taken and fast bound,
On this manner they were all one,
And to Hampton hee rode anone,
And there hee tolde his friends there,
Of the case both lesse and maire,
It is no boote for vs to mourne,
For wee may no longer heere sojourne,
Bevis and Iosian made all readie,
And tooke their leane for to ferrie,
Saberes sonne that hight Terrie,
Bevis tooke him for companie,
And Ascapart that false theefe,
Through him hee had much griefe,
Yee thought there I doe dwell,
And nothing get but travell,
But if I might vp Termagant,
Bring Iosian to Mambrant.

I ſhould bee welcome the King vntill,
And haue treaſure at my will,
Thus Aſcapart falſe was hée,
For Bevis was fallen into povertie,
When a man doth into povertie fall,
Few friends meeteth hée withall.

How Bevis and faire Ioſian tooke their way into a ſtrange land, and how ſhe travelled in a forreſt, and was delivered of two Childrē, & how Aſcapart that falſe fellō, after her deliverance came and bare her away, and after that how Bevis came to a great juſting and turnament and wan the pryſe.

NOw Bevis and Ioſian forth gan ride,
Till they came to the Forreſt ſide,
And Ioſian that was so milde,
In that wood travelled with Childe,
Bevis and Terry gan downe light,
And with their ſwords a lodge they dight,
And brought faire Ioſian therein,
For they could no better gin,
Sir Bevis gan his ſervice proffer,
For to helpe her hée did offer,
Shée thanked him, and ſhée ſaid, nay,
For Gods loue hence away,
Goe and play you with Terry,
And let mée worke and our Lady,
There ſhall never womans privitie,
To man hée ſhowed for mee.

Bevis and Terry went forth there,
For they would not her paines heare,
And Ascapart toke another way,
Not farre off hee went to stay,
After that Bevis was gone her fro,
Shee was delivered of Children two,
When Ascapart heard that case,
That Iosian delivered was,
To the lodge hee went there,
And Iosian away did beare,
I wonder shee died not for sorrow,
There might no prayers her borrow,
For hee swore by Termagant,
Hee would leade her to *M*ambrant,
When Bevis had long tarried,
Againe to the lodge hee hyed,
In the lodge hee found no moe,
But onlie young Children two,
Then wist hee not what to say,
When hee saw Iosian was away,
Alace, then said Bevis,
Ascapart hath done treason iwis,
Sir Bevis fell downe in a traunce,
And sir Terry did him vphaunce,
When Bevis saw no better it would bee,
A rich mantle then toke hee,
And lapped the two Children in,
For they were some deale of his kin,
No longer then would hee abide,
Hee toke his Children and forth did ride,

A Foster

A forster in the wood hee met,
Sir Bevis him saluted and did him greet,
Sir Bevis said to him than,
Sawest thou ought of such a man,
Lead a woman by any way,
Sir, said the forster, nay,
Of what profession art thou batcheler,
Sir, hee said, I am a forster,
Wilt thou, said Bevis, so Christ thee shielde,
Christen heere an heathen childe,
But right now it was borne,
Too soone it hath the mother forlorne,
And keepe it but this seaven yeare,
For ten marke haue it heere,
Gladlie said the forster tho,
Hee tooke the childe and silver also,
And said, what shall I call him sir Knight,
Guy, hee said, as my father hight,
And when it is seaven yeare,
Of each land doe thou enquyre,
After Bevis of Hampton,
My name is so by my crowne,
And bring my childe vnto mee,
And well rewarded shalt thou bee,
Gladlie sir, hee said, iwis,
Hee went his way and Bevis his,
Foorth they rode saith the booke,
And another man hee over-tooke,
And asked what man was hee,
Hee said, a fisher of the Sea.

And Bevis with some semblant,
Made with him the same covenant,
That hée should on this manner,
His other sonne kéepe for seaven yeare,
The Fisher granted as sir Bevis said,
Hee toke the Childe and was well apaide,
After himselfe in that while,
Hee Christned the Childe and heght it Mile,
Forth rode Bevis by dale and downe,
Till hée came to the market towne,
He toke his Inne as a courteous Knight,
And sat to supper hee him dight,
At a window Bevis loked out,
Hee saw in the streetes all about,
Steedes trapped faire and bright,
Dukes Earles, and many a Knight,
Out of the windowes on eberie side,
Armes were hanged faire and wide,
Heraulds gan the armes some descrye,
And thereof Bevis marvelled greatlie,
And asked the hoast thereof tiding,
Sir, hée said, heard hée nothing,
Of the great justing that shall bée,
To morrow in this Citie,
The Dukes daughter and his heire,
Shée is a maiden good and faire,
Her father is now neere dead,
Therefore it is given her to read,
A great justing for to trie,
That hée that hath the masterie.

Shall this maide haue to wed,
And this land to giue and leade,
Now, said Bevis to Terry,
Shall we fight for the Ladie,
Yes, said Terry, God forbid else,
If it bee to vs as hee vs tels,
Bevis gaue the man for his tiding,
An groates twentie shilling.
On the morrow when it was light,
Then rose both Baron and Knight,
Faire tokens they gan on them throw,
Whereby the Ladie should them know,
Sir Bevis bare the colour of paint,
A red Lyon of gold rampant,
So forth rode Terrie and hee,
To the fulling where it should bee,
The faire Ladie Elinor,
Over the Castle lay that houre,
And the fulling shee beheld,
To see who did best in the field,
Then the Knights began to ride,
Each to other on everie side,
And Bevis rode first againe,
The Emperours sonne of Almaine,
To him Bevis bare so fast,
That horse and man to ground hee cast,
The Earle of Florence stoutlie then,
Against Bevis in haste ran,
And Bevis met him in the field,
And hit him amidst the shield.

That two yardes broad and maire,
Hee cast him from his horse there,
Then came forth Duke Anthonie,
Who was Duke of Burgonie,
Hee was strong and of great prise,
And thus hee said to sir Bevis,
Turne thee heere and make defence,
I will avenge the Earle of Florence,
Then Bevis would no longer abide,
But smote Arundell under the side,
Each to other then so drove,
That their speares all to rove,
But sir Bevis hard him thrust,
That his shoulder bone hee burst,
Therefore hee was agrieved sore,
For that hee might just no more,
And then rode forth Terry,
To the Kings brother of Hungarie,
And gave him such a rebowne,
That horse and man fell downe,
Then came the Earle of Hamant,
And to Terry made his assent,
Terry hit him amidst the shielde,
And bare him quite into the fielde,
There was no Knights perilie,
That might just with Bevis and Terry,
Full warelie the other fought,
But sir Bevis spared them nought,
The steward of that land,
Sir Bevis cast on the sand.

And that reioyced faire Elinor,
For the boast hee made before,
And many Bevis bare throughout,
So that they stood in great doubt,
They stinted not till it was night,
And then they wanted the daylight,
Then they ceased their tilting.
On the morrow they heard tiding,
That all the praise and renowne,
Was given to Bevis of South-Hampton,
Dame Elinor would not blin,
Till Bevis came the court within,
Shee said, sir by my counsaile,
You shall mee wed without faile,
Each to other for tearme of life,
Nay, said Bevis, I haue a wife.
Hee tolde how shee was taken away,
Through treason I you say,
And for her hee was full woe,
Now, shee said, sith it is so,
You shall all this seaven yeare,
Bee my lord in cleane manner,
And yee finde her not by than,
I will you haue before any man,
And the next to thee truelie,
Is this good Knight sir Terry,
And if this may stand thee in steade,
I grant, said Bevis to this deede,
And thus was hee her governour,
And led the land in great honour.

As Sabere slept into his bed,
Hee dreamed that Bevis was ill bested,
Through Ascapart his swaine,
Fearing hee had sir Bevis slaine,
When hee awoke his heart was colde,
His dreame to his wife hee tolde,
Sir, shee said, as I weene,
Bevis is brought into some teene,
For as I trow by my life,
Hee hath lost either childe or wife,
Through Ascapart that false theefe.
Surelie Bevis is in some griefe,
I shall him seeke, said Sabere,
Twelne Knights hee did attyre,
In Palmers weede then anone,
They were cloathed everie one,
In rich armour sure and well,
Made of yron and of steele,
Forth they went more and lesse,
Till they came to heathenesse,
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant,
Shee then began to lament,
Shee met Sabere in the visage,
And said, Palmer, in her language,
I pray thee of succour and reed,
Unlesse yee helpe, I am but dead,
Certes Iosian, said Sabere,
It liketh mee well that yee bee heere,
For of you Madame verament,
I shall make Bevis a present.

Hee

Yee was agrieved at Aſcapart,
And aſſailed him full hard,
They him beſet on everis ſide,
But none could his dints abide,
From his ſtroakes they all ſhon,
And againe as Knights anone,
They ſtroake ſharpe and ſore,
Sometimes heere and ſometimes thore,
And as hee ſmote after a Knight,
Sabere ran to him fullright,
And with his ſword without doubt,
Yee thruſt Aſcapart throughout,
That hee fell dead to the ground,
Glad was Ioſian at that ſtound,
Sir Sabere tooke Ioſian than,
That was as white as any Swan,
Her bodie that was faire and gent,
Hee noynted her with an opntment,
And made her yellow and greene,
That before was faire and sheene,
That no man ſhould her know,
Therefore hee diſcoloured her ſo,
For ſir Bevis they then ſought,
But tidings of him heard they nought,
That will bee found, or found can bee,
On a day they came into the Citie,
And led Ioſian to her Inne,
And hee went forth ſome meate to win,
As Sabere went by the Caſtle gate,
Yee met his ſonne Terry thereat.

And

And prayed him for the honour of God,
That hee would giue him some good,
Terry beheld him as blithe,
And said, Palmer, as I may thriue,
There shall no meate for thee be too deare,
Thou art like my father Sabere,
Sabere said, by Gods grace,
So my mother said I was,
When Terry saw that it was hee,
Hee embraced him with heart free,
And kissed him, and asked father,
What hath made you come hither,
Sabere said, sonne thou shalt see,
What thing I haue brought with mee,
Foorth they went without feare,
Till they came to the Inne of Sabere,
Then Sabere with good intent,
Of Iosian washed the ointment,
Faire and well they her dight.
And brought her to the Castle right,
And tooke her then to Bevis hand,
was not so welcome a present in the land,
There came the mother and the father,
With the two children cleare,
For they held Bevis covenant right,
And hee made each of them a Knight,
And then wedded good Sir Terry,
Of that land to the faire Ladie,
There was a great feast iwis,
On everie side was ioye and blisse.

Yeare

Heere begianeth a new thing,
Of King Iour and Ermine King,
Betwæne them they battell make,
And all was for Iosuns sake,
A Palmer tolde Bevis thereof tiding,
And sir Bevis all hying,
Sent for men of Chevalrie,
Doughtie Knights and full hardie,
That hee had not knowne before,
And all they to him swore,
When Bevis had gathered his companie,
Hee tooke his leave of sir Terry,
And Terry proffered with him to goe,
But Bevis said it should not bee so,
Sabere thy Father shall wend with mee,
If I have needs I shall send for thee,
Guy and Miles the horse gan dight,
With stalward swords for to fight,
And Bevis with all his companie,
Went forth to Armonie,
Of him comming the King was blythe,
And rejoyced an hundreth sythe,
And said, if thou wilt forgive mee.
I will bee Christened for love of thee,
On that Covenant hee gave a kisse,
That they might bee according iwis,
Without any other dome,
Bevis sent to the Bishop of Rome,
That hee should send a Clarke good,
Sabere them Bishopped or hee yood.

That

That they might with cleare Clergie,
Christen the land of Armonie,
For the Kings grant they had,
The Bishop it heard and was glad,
And hath sent after his law,
Clarks were wise in that law,
They Christned Ermine with their hand,
And then all the people of the land,
In many a place Bevis gan worch,
Abbies and made many a Church,
So was the land of Armonie,
Through Bevis Christened truelie,
King Iour heard of this land,
That Bevis was come into the land,
A great hoaste made hee tho,
Twentie thousand Saracins and moe,
And to Armonie went hee then,
And there began to rob and bren,
When Bevis heard that hee was come,
A great hoaste hee provided anone,
And rode King Iour againe,
With all his power might and maine,
It was a faire to them that beheld,
When both parties met in the field,
They shone wondrous bright,
With basenets that were light,
But soone after they were other,
When both parties were together,
On both the hoastes the Romanes layes,
They shot arrowes with bow turkayes.

With

With halberts and bils they did fight,
As long as either stand might,
And of arrowes there were great plentie,
One boaste could hardlie another see,
With swords bright that well could bite,
Each man gan other smite,
When they had handled both the same,
There was earnest and no game,
And Bevis with *Morglay* stirred so,
That all hee hit hee smote in two,
The Sarasins gan Bevis defye,
And came thicke about him readily,
Therewith hee was full well apaide,
And as they came hee downe them laide,
So many hee slew in that fight,
That to his stirrop they laid upright,
Hee rode forth when hee them left,
And there hee slew as many eft,
Sabere his Caime though hee was olde,
Hee showed hee was strong and bold,
Hee slew before him ten and twelue,
Till hee came to the King himselfe,
And then Maugre of Mahound,
Hee bare the King downe to the ground,
The Sarasins followed on an heape,
To King Iour gan they leape,
And with force horsed him againe,
And all at once on Sabere they laine,
Bevis saw Sabere was in great doubt,
Hee prealled forth among the rout.

And

And rescued him in that stoure,
And himselfe past to King Iour,
And led him foorth with all force,
Then betooke sir Sabere his horse,
Into the towne they did him bring,
And presented Iour vnto the King,
Sabere led him full quicke,
The Sarasins followed full thicke,
But such stroakes gaue Bevis,
The King Iour awap led is,
For any thing they might doe,
But when they saw that it was so,
They would no longer there abide,
Bevis and his men did after ride,
And made on them so hard a chase,
That ten thousand slaine there was,
Many a dead Knight in that fielde,
Were seene dead vnder their shielde,
And many Sarasins that day,
With deathes wounds went away,
Many steedes men might see,
Without maisters away did flee,
And Sarasins men might heare,
Curse Mahound they had such feare,
When they had made that chase,
They returned with great solace,
And sir Bevis right anons,
Made cast King Iour into prison,
Then King Iour Bevis prayed,
That his ransome might bee payed.

And for a ransome giue hee would,
Twentie pounds of red golde,
And three hundreth bals of silke,
As many steedes as white as milke,
Also three hundreth cups of gold fine,
And as manie of Husculine,
All this ransome I shall thee giue,
If thou now wilt let mee liue,
Let thy servant said Bevis it bring,
And I will saue thy life sir King,
For so much I dread not thee,
But for treasure thou shalt goe free,
Then was King Iour full faine,
And sent to his Chamberlaine,
And hee brought it without delay,
And for his King hee did it pay.

DF King Iour let weebee,
And of King Ermine speake wee,
That should passe out of this life,
And sent after his sonne bliue,
For Guy sir Bevis eldest sonne,
Upon his head hee set the Crowne,
And made him King of Armonie,
And soone after full shortlie,
Wyed King Ermine the best,
In heaven might his soule rest,
Unto sir Bevis came sir Sebere,
And tooke his leaue home to fare,
To England would hee goe bliue,
To his children and his wife.

Bevis bade him tarrie veriment,
Sabere would not but home went,
Now is King Iour in Mambrant,
And doth sweare by Termagant,
That hee would him well advance,
That might by any chance,
Steale Arundell with some treason,
From sir Bevis of South-Hampton,
For if wee Arundell steale,
I trow men might with Bevis deale,
There was a theefe hight Robyan.
A quaint knaue and false fellon,
Hee tooke on him the masterie.
And went sooth to Armonie,
With his charmes and his craft,
Of Arundell Bevis hee bereft,
And brought him into the tower,
And presented him to King Iour,
Then was hee well apaide,
That Bevis was thus betraide,
Woe was Bevis sooth to say,
When hee mist Arundell away,
As Sabere slept at night tide,
Hee thought hee saw Bevis ride,
And Arundell downe him cast,
That two of his ribs were brast,
When hee awaked hee was afraid,
Unto his wife his dreame hee said,
Sir, thee said, yee doe wrong,
Yee dwell from Bevis all too long.

By him that was of Marie borne,
I trow his horse hee hath forlorne,
Then Sabere for Bevis sake,
Staffe and scrip began to take,
Hee went forth with good semblant,
Untill hee came till Mambrant,
Thither hee went for to spie,
And left the land of Armonie,
Sir Sabere came by a river,
Where men did beastes water,
Where hee saw as hee abode,
On Arundell how Robion rode.
Sabere said. heavens King,
True is now my dreaming,
Fellow, hee said, so Christ mee reede,
That same is a faire steede,
Hee is well brested without doubt,
God fellow turne thee about,
And as hee turned there,
Up behind leapt Sir Sabere,
And slew the theefe Robion,
With the ende of his truncheons,
Hee would no longer there abide,
The Sarasins forth ran that tide,
And to the King did they tell,
How one had gotten Arundell,
Then rose the cry in the Citis,
That men should after him bye,
They rode after him fast in hand,
To the number of fiue thousand.

And full narrowlie him beset,
Iosian stood in a turret,
And all the skirmish beheld thee well,
And one riding on Arundell,
Unto the hall shæ hyed downe,
And said, sir without the towne,
Commeth one riding on your stæde,
And surely hæ is in great dread,
Hæ is beset without doubt,
With men of armes a great rout,
Jesus, said Bevis, a while him saue,
And succour shall beesone haue,
Then to horse went sir Guy,
His brother *Miles* and sir Terry,
And eke sir Bevis hyed hæ,
With all the Knights of the Citie,
Hæ hyed him fast in that stoure,
And brought Sabere good succour,
And slew the Sarasins downe right,
That none from them scape might,
Good game there was to beesæne,
How they lay sprawling on the græne.
Tidings came to King Iour,
That his men were slaine in that stoure,
Hee made to send hastilie,
After his brother King of Surrey,
And tolde him how his men were dead,
And asked his counsell and rede,
I shall thee tell quoth Brudwin,
Thou art holden a noble Sarasin,
In Pavie or in heathenesse. Je

Is none to thee in doughtinesse,
Therefore I counsell you so,
Yee ende the battell betweene you two,
And make you ready thy sachowne,
And make sacrifice to Mahound,
That hee may send thee the vpper hand,
And then as I well vnderstand,
Thou wilt a Conquerour bee,
And wee will wend all with thee,
And stand with thee wee will the while,
And helpe thee in all thy perill,
Now said King Iour, I assent,
And then speedilie foorth they went,
And made to Mahound sacrifice,
With all the Sarasins that were wise,
And they prayed without misse,
Their King might bee saued from Bevis,
When the King had so done,
To arme him hee went full sone,
And went foorth to Armonie,
With three thousand men right hardie,
Sone had Bevis tidings then,
Of King Iour and his men,
Hee toke with his sonnes two,
Sabere and Terry and no moe,
And rode King Iour againe,
When Iour saw Bevis hee was faine,
And saide, Bevis I vnderstand,
Wherefore yee came into this land,
First yee deceived mee of my wife,

And bereft my men of life,
Therefore I haue taken counsell,
Betweene vs two to ende battell,
If thou mee slay by Termagant,
I grant to thee the land *Mambrant*,
And if I slay thee manfullie,
Wilt thou grant mee the land of Armonie,
Bevis granted as hee would,
And vndertoke the battell bolde,
Into a place then gan they ride,
Inclosed with water on everie side,
They drew their swords out hastilie,
And rode together with great envie,
Their shields were bruised that they bare,
Their helmes creased their browes fare,
Then they fought another wap,
And Bevis hit Iour with *Morglay*,
That his helme hee downe did pare,
There me mought see his head bare,
And a quarter of his shield,
Fell downe into the fielde,
Horse and man hee downe gan drive,
And both fell to the ground blive.
Up leapt King Iour and stod,
And cryed on Mahound as hee were wod,
And smote at Bevis with his fachon,
Then Bevis off Arundell lighted downe,
And right as Bevis was downe lighting,
Iour him smote without leesing,
Aboue sir Bevis helme on hie,
That the crest downe did lie.

And bruised the helme in sunder.
Sir Bevis kneeled and that was wonder,
Sir Bevis then was grieved sore.
Up hee leapt without any more,
And gaue King Iour such a rout,
That hee never rose without doubt,
The Sarasins were woe that stound,
When they saw their King on ground,
That hee could neither rise nor goe.
Therefore they were full sorie and woe,
The other people would haue fled,
Guy and *Miles* in that steade,
Slew them more and lesse,
Ere they might the water passe,
And some they drencht in the flood,
There was few quicke away good,
Sir Bevis then with policie,
Toke King Iours armorie,
And made him it on them throw,
That no man might from Iour him know,
A greater power with him went,
Than came from the Citie of *Mambrant*,
When they within the tower,
Saw the comming of King Iour,
All they were glad and faine,
And opened the gates againe,
And Bevis into the Citie gan ride,
With great joy and much pride,
And throught that quaint gin,
The rich Citie hee did win.

And made them all become his men,
And did him homage then,
And then cursed their Mahumitrie,
And believed in God verilie,
And hee that would not doe so,
Immediatelie hee did him sloe.

NOW is Bevis King of that land,
That sometime King Iour had in hand,
Iosian that was bright and sheene,
Twise thereof hath beene a Queene,
Bevis and Sabere upon a day,
With Hawkes, and Hounds went to play,
As they came by a river,
Soone they spyed a messenger,
Hee asked them after a Knight,
That sir Sabere was by right,
Anone sir Sabere gan foorth spring,
And said, messenger what tiding,
Sir, hee said, Edger our King,
Through his stewards counselling,
Hee hath disinherited thine heire,
Certes, said Sabere, that is not faire,
Hee rode to Bevis and tolde him so,
And asked him leave for to goe,
Bevis said unto sir Sabere,
I will also goe with thee thither,
With Iosian, Miles, and sir Guy,
And thy sonne sir Terry,
Thereof was Sir Sabere glad,
For great power with him hee had,
And so went forth to England. wi

With men of armes ten thousand,
And sailed to South-Hampton,
With many Knights of great renowne,
Saberes wife and Robert his heire,
Welcomed them all full faire,
And gaue them to vnderstand,
How all Sir Saberes land,
The King arrested without faile,
Through sir Brians counsaile,
Hee saith hee may take them away,
For Arundell his sonne did slay,
Then said Bevis, by God on liue,
Wee will hie thither bliue.
Bevis rode forth with little boast,
At Putneth hee left his hoaste,
It is from London miles three,
Where hee left his companie,
And rode himselfe to London,
Saue twelue Knights all alone,
Then hee went to King Edgar,
And asked him in what manner,
Hee had disinherited Sir Sabere,
And his sonne that was his heire,
I delibered him mine heritage,
Heere before your Baronage,
The King said to him right soone,
Sir Bevis if ought bee misdone,
It shall bee amended in a Parliament,
With Earles and Barons assent,
All the Lords that were there,
To Sir Bevis made good cheare,

Saue

Haue sir Bevis a foole him befall,
Hee was the most foole of them all,
Sir, said Brian to the King,
Is not this a wondrous thing,
That this foze-banisht swaine,
Is come into England againe,
Hee ought him to hang and drawe,
As a traytour against thy lawe,
The King would pardon sir Bevis,
But the steward against it is,
Bevis was both wroth and wood,
Yet answered neither evill noz good,
Hee tooke his lodging in the towne,
And to his meate did sit him downe,
Then Sir Brian foorth went her,
And made a cry through the Citie,
All those that armes might beare,
And fight with shield and speare,
That they should arme them anone,
To avenge the Kings sonne,
Then were the gates lockt,
Windowes and doores fast stopt,
Chaines drawne on everie streete,
To let Sir Bevis you may weete,
When Bevis heard that treason,
Up hee leapt like a Lyon,
Full soone hee armed him tho,
And bade his men foz to goe,
Unto Putnech some pride way,
And to my sonnes doe you say,
That they hye them hither blive,

If they would haue mee on liue,
For while I fight heere without
You may goe boyde of all doubt,
Bevis leapt on Arundell,
Yee had no longer time to dwell,
The first yee met without faile,
Was sir Brian of Cornewale,
Yee had with him a great rout,
And beset Bevis round about,
And then Sir Bevis said to Brian,
Turne thee now as thou art a man,
Thou art an olde knight of warre,
Brian to him bare a speare,
So hard it to Bevis hee drone,
That his shield hee all to rone,
Then hee chafed when hee beheld,
How the steward brake his shield,
Now, said Bevis, will I smite,
And begin that deede to quite,
Yee smote Arundell vnder the side,
And with Morglay in that tide,
Yee hit sir Brian on the crowne,
And to the saddle claue him downe,
Bevis stirred him in that stound,
Two hundreth men hee cast to ground,
Yee rode foorth to broad streete,
Many Lumbards did hee meete,
They assailed Bevis wondrous fast,
On everie side hee downe them cast,
Bevis had beene in many a land,
And many battels had in hand.

Yet

Yet was hee never so woe a man,
In any battell as hee was than,
But hee defended himselfe full well,
And many of them hee did fell,
On everie side them downe hee cast,
And did ride among them fast,
Till hee came to the Cheape,
Where hee found them on an heape,
Then againe began the fight,
Betweene the Citie and the Knight,
Bevis saide with milde moode,
To the folke that there stoode,
I reede that yee unlocke the gate,
And that yee let mee out thereat,
For if I die heere within,
Little credit shall you win,
All against him did they cry,
Yeelde thee Bevis or thou shalt die,
Bevis fought as hee were wood,
And bathed Morglay in their blood,
Sixe hundreth men hee cast to ground,
And had neither wen nor wound,
But much blood off that man,
Through sweate of his bodie came,
When it drew towards the night,
The people were still readie to fight,
Then began Arundell his steede,
To helpe his master at his neede,
By twentie foote on each side,
Durst no man that horse abide,
So long lasted that fight,

Betweene them all a Summers night,
Sir Bevis Knights had good passage,
And to Putneth brought the message,
Sir Bevis sonnes should bye them blythe,
If they would haue their father on line,
When Iosian heard them speake of Bevis,
In a sowne shee fell iwis,
Sir Miles her sonne and Sir Guy,
Tooke her vp presently,
Sonnes, shee said, what is your reede,
For certes your father is deade,
The best reede that I can,
Is to slay everie man.
Nay, said *Miles*, wee will not doe so,
But to our father wee will goe,
And bring to him good succour,
If hee bee living in that stoure,
And then if hee slaine bee,
Wee will bee avenged truelie,
Wee will destroy all the Citie,
Soone they were all readie,
Sir Guy bestraide Arum bright,
Hee was not heavie but full light,
And a noble sword gan hee take,
That was Sir Lancelots-du-Lake,
Sir Bevis with his owne hand,
Wan it in the holie land,
Miles and Arundell in his hand,
That sometimes heght Rouland,
His horse was swift as any swallow,
There might no horse him follow. Votes

Botes tooke they that tide,
And ouer the Thames gan ride,
And brought them to the Citie,
A thousand knights able and free,
They came to the water side,
With much ioy and great pride,
At Ludgate they began to aryue,
Where they found Bevis ou lyue,
Certes Lordings I to you sey,
By that sprang the light of day,
Bevis was so wearie in that fight,
That hee could not sit vpright,
There dwelt a Lumbard in the towne,
A doughtie man of great renowne,
And hee gathered a great hoaste,
And rode forth with great boast,
And in his hand a good sachowne,
That was made of steele browne,
And forth hee pricked to sir Bevis,
And said, wilt thou alke no trewes,
And then anone with his sachowne,
Hee hit sir Bevis on the crowne,
Bevis for faintnesse laide him low,
And leaned vpon his saddle bow,
That saw Bevis his sonne sir Guy,
And gan pricke with great envy,
With his sword drawne in his hand,
And to the Lumbard sent his hand,
So hard on his heade hee it set
That through the helme and burgonet,
Man and horse in that stonnd.

Hee

Hee smote asunder to the ground,
The point on the pavement gent,
That the fire out went.
At that stroake sir Bevis lought,
For it comfort to him brought,
Hee thanked God omnipotent,
That him helpe from heaven sent,
Arundell for joy neighed right,
And helped Bevis for to fight,
Sir Bevis turned in that whiles,
And saw his other sonne Sir Miles,
Come pricking with a great rout,
Of armed men him about,
Hee never needed to seeke such Leech,
That Sir Miles might over reach,
Men might heare crownes cracke,
When Bevis sonnes gan strike,
So hard they gan together meete,
That the blood ran through the streete,
So many men were dead,
That Cheapeside was of blood rede,
For there were slaine I understand,
To the number of seaven thousand.
Through the false stewards reade,
And yet hee was first dead,
It is true without leesing,
Of falsehood commeth no good ending,
In everie streete men might see,
Men in great paine to die,
Heads pared close by the eyes,
Shankes cut off by the thygbes,
Hands and armes both cut off.

Head

Heades and helmes tumbling aloft,
Dead bodies quartered in three,
That was great pittie for to see,
when Bevis his enemies had destroyed,
Unto Putneth hee him hyed.
Iosian was never so faine,
As when shee saw Bevis againe,
Bevis tooke Iosian full soone,
And to South-Hampton came anone,
There hee thought without faile,
To abide the Kings battaile.

How the King tooke truce with Bevis, & wedded his Daughter to Miles, and made him Lord of Cornewale, that which belonged to sir Brian the Kings stewart, whom Bevis slew in the Citie of London.

TIdings came to King Edgar,
Of the fighting that was there,
King Edgar then did full right,
And sent after Baron and Knight,
And said, by my Stewarts reede,
Many of my men are dead,
I am now an olde man,
And Bevis much of warre can,
Hee came hither from farre,
with great power on mee to warre,
Two sonnes hee hath with him brought,
How to agree I take great thought,
Miles shall wed my daughter free,
And so our strife allwaydes shall bee,
Hee shall bee Earle of Cornewale,
That was sir *Brians* without faile. All

All they counſaile him ſo,
A meſſenger the King ſent tho,
To Bevis of South-Hampton,
And bade him come to London,
I will it bee ordained ſo,
To make League betweene bs two,
Miles ſhall wed my Daughter free,
And Earle of Cornewale ſhall hee bee,
Bevis is to London come,
The wedding was preſentlie begun,
The Ladie to the Church was led,
And to Sir Miles ſhee was wed,
The King gaue him in ſpouſaile,
The Earledome of Cornewale,
There was mirth at their ſpouſing,
Turnament and great juſting,
At the ſpouſaile in that manner,
The King and Bevis ſate full neere,
Now would Bevis home wend,
Hee tooke his leaue of the King his friend,
And of the Lords there that whiles,
And alſo of his ſonne ſir *Miles*,
Hee betooke his ſonne to ſir Sabere,
That hee ſhould him teach and leare,
Bevis is gone and ſir Guy,
Ioſian and eke Sir Terry,
Unto *Mambrant* hee did fare,
And ſeaven yeares hee lived there,
Then waxed Ioſian ſicke and lay,
And Bevis alſo to you I ſay,
Biſhops and Friers came blive,
Bevis and Ioſian for to ſhrive,

when

When Bevis and Iosian the good,
When humbled vnto God in mood,
Each turned to other without boast,
And both they yeelded vp the Ghost,
Much sorrow made Sir Guy,
But it was not but truely,
For wee must all bee dead iwis,
When that Christes will is,
Sir Guy to the stable went hee,
Arundell his horse for to see.
When hee came there hee found no read,
For Arundell was also dead,
Sir Guy thought marueill the sooth to say,
That all they dyed vpon a day,
Sir Guy did ordaine and make,
For Bevis and Iosians sake,
A place of religion and prise,
To sing for Iosian and Bevis,
And tumbed them together there,
King and Queeneas they were,
Jesus Christ in Trinitie,
On their soules haue mercie,
Thus endeth Bevis of Hampton,
Knights and King of great renowne,
And they that heare this talking,
Jesus grant them good ending,
And bring vs all to heauenlie blisse,
That ever shall last and never shall misse,
Vnto blisse bring vs hee,
That for vs dyed vpon the tree.

FINIS.